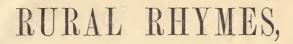








Lura A. Boies



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LURA ANNA BOIES.

Also.

AN INTRODUCTION,

FROM

REV. JOSEPH E. KING.

He is the FREEMAN whom the TRUTH makes free,
And all are SLAVES besides.

He looks abroad into the varied field
Of NATURE, and though poor perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scener all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers, his t'enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with fillal confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eys,
And smiling say, "My FATHER MADE THEM ALL!"
COWPER,

SARATOGA SPRINGS:

STEAM PRESSES OF G. M. DAVISON.

1860.

Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, BY LURA ANNA BOIES, in the Clerk's office of the U.S. District Court of the Northern District of New-York. TO

HON. WM. HAY,

0 F

SARATOGA SPRINGS,

This Book

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY THE

AUTHORESS.

INTRODUCTION.

The rule of Architecture requiring a portico to correspond in style and proportions to the edifice to which it is both an entrance and an adornment, ought, perhaps, to apply to Introductions. It had been well, therefore, for the writer, had he duly pondered the delicacy of his task, before permitting a Teacher's pride and joy in a well-beloved pupil, to betray him into a promise of writing an introduction to this volume of Poems. As, however, the rudest lattice-work has, at times, sufficed for a support to the clinging tendrils of a flowering vine, grown up by the hospitable door of some fair rural cottage, while itself has been lost to sight in the luxuriant verdure of o'er-arching leaves; so may this plain portal to the festal bower of a fair daughter of the Muses deserve well of the entering guests, whom it shall introduce by the directest route, to a rare repast.

"God made the country—man, the town." Afar from the din and dust of the town, in a humble farm-house on the bank

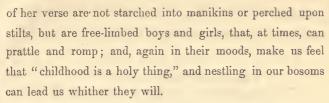
of the noble Hudson, overlooking the site of old Fort Edward, the gentle spirit of Lura A. Boies first saw the light. In this rural seclusion, from which she has been lured only far enough away, to lave her thirsting soul in the nearest fountain of Learning; here, under the tuition of holy Nature, with a few choice books and a few appreciative friends, has her young life glided sweetly on, to the music of her pure and loving thoughts, until all unconscious of the passing years, lo! she has reached the charmed threshold of early womanhood; and—stranger still—those uttered thoughts have grown to be a volume of poems! while her friends come around her, to demand their publication.

That, in brief, is the story of how this book came to be.

"God made the country." Therefore it is that the poets, whose hearts, like the olden Bards, are fresh and simple, and susceptible to all pure inspirations, are they whose lives have been nearest to Nature. If, in this volume, there shall be less of Art than the professional critic may demand, there will, at least, be no bookish affectations. The ingenuous reader will not be tantalized with a display of verbal pyrotechnics, brilliant, but cold and cheerless; neither will any dramatic spasms or hysterical extravagances tempt the vitiated appetite of the worn and wicked worldling.

The transcendentalist will search in vain, through all the lines of our rural Poet, for that mysticism in which he delights to lose himself. Her men and women are all human, with real forms and dimensions, with beating hearts that can ache and be glad; and whose tears are moist. The children





Every true heart will recognize in the healthful earnestness, the home-like tenderness and the sincere unselfishness of these poems, a most loving evangel to inspire pure and elevated thoughts, and prompt to noble and generous actions.

It is an unpretending feast, to which the reader is bidden. Wheaten cakes, browned by the honest kitchen fire-place, with ripe and juicy berries from the meadow, and cool spring water, bubbling fresh and pure from the hillside. The table is a patch of greensward, sheltered by a stately elm, on whose rugged trunk and spreading branches a wild grape has hung its verdant festoons, to soften the noontide rays, and to invite the summer-birds to linger with their happy songs, and build their nests. A few wild flowers, still wet with morning dew, alone adorn the rural table. Well, let the feast begin! Unostentatious as it is, many a weary heart shall rise up from the repast, refreshed, and go out from the sheltering elm with blessings upon the gentle giver. Such great-souled noblemen of Nature, as Bryant and Irving, shall feel their old age greener for a whole year, if they shall chance to sit, an hour, at this humble festive board. Here, mayhap, some Numa of state shall, in the interval of his heavy cares, find an "Egeria in the woods" which shall smooth the wrinkles from his brow, and inspire him to be a



INTRODUCTION.

stronger and a better man. And other vexed dignitaries may recognize in these sweet songs a tone kindred to that of

That exorcised Saul's ennui."

The shrinking Poet, like a timid fawn, not without many misgivings, trusts herself beyond the protecting obscurity of her native retreats. Let the presence of her friends reassure her. The success of her modest volume is not left entirely to the caprice of strangers. This first edition will be well nigh absorbed by the circle of private friends whom her school-girl rhymes, in the Institute chapel, and an occasional lyric in the village papers, near her home, had attracted; and who, by right of that friendship, will eagerly welcome this volume, and keep it as a precious souvenir, for themselves and their children.

May a kind Providence preserve the delicately wrought tabernacle—alas! too frail—of this gifted daughter of Poesy, that she who has sung so well, may long live to wake the echoes of this Muse-haunted valley, with her divinely attuned harp.

FORT EDWARD INSTITUTE, N. Y. December, 1858.

K.



PROOF-READER'S POSTSCRIPT.

The contents of Professor King's preceding *introduction* are, in consequence of its late receipt at the printing-office, altogether unknown to Miss Boies.

That remark—but for a different and obvious reason—applies also to an ensuing tribute of womanly respect, and sisterly affection; a concise—because condensed—poem, which the proof-reader having casually perused in manuscript, and purposely obtained, publishes here on his own authority alone. He is, however, in no wise displeased with that thus assumed responsibility.

The authoress, whose literary nom de guerre will be readily recognized, was an intimate companion and competing classmate of Miss Boies, in a collegiate Institute, and has therefore, with sufficient knowledge of her subject—a grateful theme—familiarly, yet delicately, addressed the following appropriate and sympathetic

"LINES TO LURA.

LOVED LURA! E'en the very name
Hath music in its tone:
Its soft and gentle cadence bears
A beauty all its own.



Already, Fame hath twined her wreath Around thy brow so fair, And every coming year shall add, Fresh leaves to cluster there.

And Time shall bring rich offerings
To lay upon thy shrine;
For ever hath the world bowed down
Before such gifts as thine.

Thine is the power to touch, with skill,

The chords of every heart,—

To weave a spell around the soul,

With more than magic art.

To bring the finer feelings forth,

To thee the power is given;

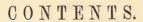
To raise the soul above this earth,

And fix the thoughts on Heaven.

Then warble on, fair poetess,—
Inspired with sacred fire,—
Till thou shalt strike a chord above,
Upon thy golden lyre.

CARRIE MAY."

Saratoga Springe.



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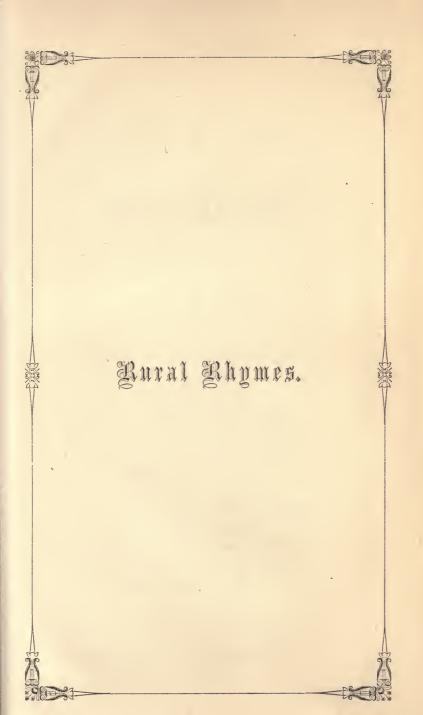


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The Home of Washington,





Kural Phymes.

JANE M'CREA.

Ι.

'T was in the gorgeous summer time,
The vesper bells, with mellow chime,
Rang out the golden day.
Along the distant mountain's hight,
And o'er the Hudson, flashing bright,
In purple floods of dazzling light,
The sunset glory lay;
The crimson of the western fires
Glowed redly on Fort Edward's spires,
And deeper splendors burned,
Till earth, with all her lakes and rills,
Her waving woods and towering hills,
To burnished gold was turned.

TI.

I had been listening to the chimes, And thinking of the stirring times, When hill and lonely glen, Woke to the thunder tones of yore, The sounds that rolled from shore to shore, The deep-monthed cannon's sullen roar, The tramp of mail-clad men; I had been thinking of the days, When the fierce battle's lurid blaze, Hung like a fiery cloud, O'er rock and river, wood and dell, Where now the radiant sunset fell, And I had left the crowd, And sought, with hushed and reverent tread, That pleasant city of the dead, Where the wild wind harps play, And pine trees wave and willows weep, Above her in her dreamless sleep, The hapless Jane M'Crea.

III.

Silent, as if on holy ground,
I neared that angel-guarded mound,
Where white wings viewless wave;
An aged man, with hoary hair,
And rude sears on his forehead bare,
Was kneeling in the sunset there,
Upon the maiden's grave.
Was it some risen chief I saw,
That o'er me came that breathless awe?
Was it some warrior bold?
Whose hand had grasped the ringing steel,
Whose soul had thrilled to freedom's peal,
In the wild strife of old?

IV.

With sudden tears mine eyes grew dim,
Nearer I drew and questioned him
Of all the storied past;
Of the fierce days when roused our sires
To the shrill trumpet's blast,
And the red light of battle fires
Upon our free hills lay;
I asked him of that green arcade,
Where gleamed the savage chieftain's blade,
I asked of her, the Scottish maid,
The fated Jane M'Crea!

V

Then did the veteran warrior speak,
And down his pale and furrowed cheek
The hot tears glistening ran;
Then with the old fire flashed his eye,
His trembling tones rose clear and high,
And thus his tale began.

PART I.

I.

The booming guns of Lexington
Had roused the sire and gallant son,
And louder than the trumpet's elang
The notes of wild alarum rang,
The dawning light of Freedom's star,
Shone dimly in the skics afar,

Where veiled in the black night of war The sun of Peace went down. And by that faint and flickering glow, The brave of heart, and broad of brow, Had boldly sworn they would not bow To England's regal crown.

II.

A thrill went through Columbia's soul, An alien sound went o'er the sea, Majestic as an anthem's roll, The DECLARATION of the free! Earth's startled millions wondering heard, Britannia, to her proud heart stirred, Hurled back the bold defiant word, And drew, in wrath, her flaming sword. Fiercely the hostile nations met, And yonder sun in darkness set, On many a fatal day; In scenes of blood and carnage dire, 'Mid hissing balls the gray haired sire Fought with the youthful warrior's fire In many a deadly fray; Still rose the red War's fiery form,

Still raged the furious battle's storm, When Burgoyne's haughty hosts, Breaking the waves with mighty sweep, Came o'er the waters blue and deep. And landed on our coasts.

III.

Clad in the battle's bright array,
With waving plumes and pennons gay,
And flaming banners spread,
And arms that in the sunlight glanced,
Forward the British ranks advanced
With slow and measured tread;
Then rose a swift and rushing sound,
That woke the hills and shook the ground,
Then freemen fought and fell.
Then redder gushed the crimson flood,
Then was our land baptized in blood—
Of all the strife that followed then,
That thrilled the hearts of mighty men,
Ah me! I may not tell!

IV.

The spirit of that warlike age
I feel its fire within me rage,
My bosom heaves, my old heart swells,
I feel it now, the evening bells
Ring out the dying day.
I hear the sound of martial strains,
I hear the war-horse neigh;
I see the smoke of battle plains,
The swift blood courses through my veins,
I plunge into the fray.
I feel the scorching, burning blaze,
I live again those stirring days,
The days of Jane M'Crea!

PART II.

I.

'T was morning.—Rich and radiant dyes
Flamed in the gorgeous orient skies:
Draped in the purple of his throne
The royal sun resplendent shone.
The broad, blue Hudson blazing bright,
Glowed like a line of liquid light,
A wave of glory rippled o'er
The hills along the eastern shore,
And waving wood and fortress gray,
Blushing in rosy splendor lay,
Kissed by the red lips of the day,
And glittering spear and lances' gleam
Flashed back again the rising beam.

II.

On the broad lands beyond the wood,
Now bright with harvest sheaves,
The solid lines of Albion stood
Thick as the forest leaves;
Hot haste and consternation then,
Spread through the ranks of our brave men,
A clear blast rang throughout the glen,
Louder than hunter's horn,
And the quick tramp of hurrying feet,
The drum's deep bass that rapid beat,
The gathering din of swift retreat,
Rose on the summer morn.

III.

From many a lowly woodland home
Went up the cry "The foe! they come!"
And warm young hearts grew faint with fear,
And little children clustered near,

And blushing cheeks grew pale;
And many a form with noiseless glide
Stole to the gallant warrior's side,
And fluttering garments, white and fair,
Were blent, in strange confusion there,
With coats of burnished mail.

IV.

Aside, that morn, from all the crowd, In earnest thought her young head bowed, The Scottish maiden stood, With downcast face and lips apart, A new joy thrilling in her heart, That gave her cheek a warmer glow, And brought unto its stainless snow The quick o'ermantling blood. Thus stood she bound as by a spell, Oh, in that hour how wondrous fair! Around her like a glory fell, The rich veil of her raven hair, The fearless spirit throbbing high Lit up her clear, calm hazel eye, And lent the face bowed meekly there, A beauty such as angels wear.

v.

Oh, human love! what strength divine, What strange mysterious power is thine; It was thy light that inward shone And bound her in its radiant zone; It was thy low, melodious lay That charmed her soul from earth away, Till mindless of the outward din She only heard the voice within, And listened to the silver tone, That whispered of the chosen one To whom her plighted troth was given, Who filled her deepest heart with heaven! By thee, a willing captive led, The maiden knew no secret dread, Nor felt a boding fear; Nor heard the Indian's stealthy tread, Nor saw the danger near.

VI.

A sudden shrick, a piercing cry,
That seemed to rend the bending sky,
Went up that morn so shrill and high,
It made the sternest soldier start,
And chilled and froze the circling blood,
And sent it curdling to his heart,
That still with terror stood;
Then rose a wild demoniac yell,
A sound our brave men knew too well!

VII.

Each soul had felt the sickening fear, Each hand had grasped the gleaming spear, When on the air, distinct and clear, The tramp of falling hoof drew near, And with thin nostrils spreading wide, The ringing spur plunged in his side, With headlong fury rushing fast, A foaming courser darted past. Ha! 't was the chieftain held the rein And goaded on the steed amain, And one, a gentle girl, was there, With hazel eye and flowing hair; Grasped in his sinewy arm, and press'd Rudely upon his brawny chest, The frail form helpless lay. Alas for thee! thou captured maid, Oh that some hand thy doom had stayed, Thou fated Jane M'Crea!

VIII.

A voice went up from mighty men,
A loud and stirring cry,
And the bold warrior shouted then,
"Mount! to the rescue fly!"
They rose, a brave and gallant few,
And o'er the ground their swift steeds flew,
Winged with the lightning's speed;
Till in that green and shady dell,
Where the clear waters sparkling well,

Where towers the tall and stately pine,
And the light falls with softer shine,
The savage gave a fiercer yell,
And reined his panting steed.
Forth from the leafy woodland shades,
Leaped many a painted warrior's form,
And brightly glanced their murderous blades,
And wildly rose the battle's storm.
Hot balls hissed through the summer sheen,
And haughty plumes and crests bent low,
Then darker grew the fearful scene,

And waves of blood surged to and fro.

Before the shower of fiery hail,

The chieftain saw his numbers fail,

With ire his swarthy cheek grew pale,

And turning from the fell strife there,

He stood by her, the Scottish maid.

He seized her long and flowing hair,

And o'er her gleamed his naked blade; And reeking with the tide of life, Back flashed the long and glittering knife; A fiendish sneer upon his lip,

A strange wild triumph in his eye,
The chieftain saw the red blood drip,
And held the ghastly trophy high;
Then round him drew his blanket-plaid,
And plunged into the forest shade.

IX.

The strong, stern man—the warrior true—Felt in his eye the gathering dew,



When with hushed tread he nearer drew,
To the still form beneath the pine—
The maiden on the dewy green;
For ne'er did morning sunlight shine
Upon a stranger, sadder scene.
The warm bright life-tide's crimson flow,
Dyed deep her graceful garments' snow,
And mingled with the waters clear,
That in the glad light sparkled near.

The heart that thrill'd to love before,
To love's soft strain would thrill no more;
The light of her young life had fled,
Too well they knew that she was dead.
Yet better far, thus to have died,
Than to have been a tory's bride.

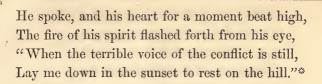
Now oft beside that cooling spring,
The little children shout and sing,
And in that sylvan dell,
Full many a form of maiden grace,
Treads lightly o'er the hallowed place,
Where she, the fated, fell.

On Saratoga's battle plains,
Where low the British standard lay,
The murdered maiden's gory stains,
In British blood were washed away.
The glory of that triumph day
Avenged the death of Jane M'Crea.

The old man paused; the trembling tones That woke the bright unconscious tear, Sad as the low wind's music means, Died on my rapt and listening ear. Then in that solemn evening time, When vesper bells had ceased to chime, And all the quiet air Was hushed, as if this world of ours Had closer clasped her trees and flowers, And whispered peace through all her bowers, And bowed her heart in prayer; A hush upon my reverent soul, An awe that o'er my being stole, Mournful I turned away, And left the worn old soldier there, His white locks streaming in the air, The dew upon his forehead bare, And left the consecrated ground, Where holy memories cluster round, The grave of Jane M'Crea.

THE SEQUEL.

He fell, the bold hero! low lay the proud form
That braved the red wrath of the battle's wild storm,
When dark hung the cloud of the furious fray
O'er the fell hights of Bemis, they bore him away.



They saw the fierce gleam of the battle light fade,
And faint grew the roar of the fell cannonade,
When the wing of the night fluttered down o'er the
west,

They laid the brave warrior away to his rest.

Proud day, Columbia, for thee,
When upward soared thine eagle free!
Proud day, when from the hills of strife
The sullen war-cloud rolled away,
And Triumph waved her peaceful wing
Above the fell and fatal fray.
Glad millions shouted then "TIS DONE!"
And high hearts hailed the victory won,
And clear the exulting strain,
In one loud peal of lofty song,
Went o'er the heaving main.

^{*&}quot;He (General Frazer) was asked if he had any request to make, to which he replied, that if General Burgoyne would permit it, he should like to be buried at 6 o'clock in the evening, on the top of a mountain,† in a redout which had been built there."‡—Baroness de Reidesel's Narrative.

[†] Bemis Hights.

^{1 &}quot;Mr. Brudenell, (the chaplain who officiated at the funeral services,) afterwards stated that when the dying hero announced his desire to be buried in the redout, his eye, which had been dim, was momentarily lighted up with a falcon-like flashing, contrasting painfully with the countenance of spectral palcness. So strong in death, was the dominant passion—glory or fame."—Extract from an unpublished narrative.

Oh, there was grief and anguish then In the bowed hearts of Albion's men, And dark as night the wing of woe, Brooded above the vanquished foe! Not as when girded for the strife, In the full flush of daring life, With glowing hopes all vain, Through the dim silence, hushed and still, At sunset up the chosen hill, Wound the slow funeral train. Oh, not as marshaled for the field, With burnished lance and gleaming shield, And scarlet banners flame, That stricken band of warriors brave To the lone burial came; Nor yet, with death-flag's ebon wave And sound of muffled drum, As conquering heroes to the grave Of martial glory come. No plaintive dirge rose on the air, No sable plumes drooped darkly there, But with hushed hearts and mournful tread, They bore away their gallant dead.

More awful than the battle's roll
The gloom that bowed each haughty soul,
And wilder was the storm within
Than the fierce conflict's raging din,
Where he, the hero, fell,
'Mid clash of arms and ring of steel,

And brazen trumpet's clarion peal, And noise of bursting shell.

Hark! from the hills a sudden sound
Trembles along the startled ground,
And slowly dies away—
'T is from the bosom of the free,
The mighty heart of victory
Throbs in that solemn, mourning gun,
And thus to Albion's fallen son
The brave their tribute pay.*

'T is beautiful, when those who met
In dire and dreadful strife, forget
Their hatred, dark and deep;
And when the tide of life swells high,
Lay all their full rejoicing by,
To weep with those who weep!

Oh, grateful in that hour of woe
To those whose light had fled,
The homage of the conquering foe,
To him their noble dead!

*"The growing darkness added solemnity to the scene. Suddenly the irregular firing ceased, and the solemn voice of a single cannon, at measured intervals, boomed along the valley and awakened the repose of the hills. It was a minute-gun fired by the Americans in honor of the gallant dead. The moment information was given that the gathering at the redoubt was a funeral company, fulfilling amid imminent perils the last-breathed wishes of the noble Frazer, orders were given to withhold the cannonade with balls, and to render military homage to the fallen brave." [Lossings' Field Book of the Revolution, p. 65, vol. 1.

And many a stern heart's mute despair,
Was melted into softness there,
And hot tears fell like rain,
O'er the bold soldier's coffined form,
The gallant Frazer slain!

The night came down in silence grand
Above the hero's grave;
They turned away that mournful band—
They left the sleeping brave
Far from his own, his native land,
Beyond the deep blue wave,
And cloud and storm and gathering gloom,
Were mourners at the warrior's tomb!

'T was the wild eve of that dread day
When Albion's haughty standard fell,
Red lightnings flashed above the slain,
And thunders tolled a fearful knell.
The dying wail, the hollow groan
Blent strangely with the hoarse wind's moan,
And darkly o'er the fatal Hights
Where cold the ghastly fallen slept,
Black clouds hung like a sable pall,
And sad the pitying heavens wept.

Out in the deep night's starless gloom,
Like a white angel in the storm,
Moved by her pure heart's deathless love,

Stole woman's frail and tender form.*

Above her burst the tempest's wrath,
And shadows gathered o'er her path,
And yet the hurtling, shricking blast
Swept all unheeded by;
For colder than the blinding rain,
The weary weight of grief and pain,
That on her soul did lie.

With falling tears her face grew damp,
A mist came o'er her clear, blue eye;
Her love, her light, her spirit's pride,
He whose low voice had called her, bride,
Bound bleeding in the foeman's camp,
Had laid him down to die.

*When the wife of Major Ackland learned that her husband was wounded and a prisoner, she resolved to solicit of the enemy the favor of ministering to him, personally, in his affliction. The night she set out for the American camp was wild and stormy, rendering the voyage on the river extremely perilous.

General Burgoyne thus writes concerning the proposal of Lady Harriet to visit the camp of the enemy, which was submitted to his decision: "Though I was ready to believe that patience and fortitude, in a supreme degree, were to be found, as well as every other virtue, under the most tender forms, I was astonished at this proposal. After so long an agitation of spirits, exhausted not only by want of rest, but, absolutely, want of food; drenched in rains for twelve hours together; that a woman should be capable of such an undertaking as delivering herself to the enemy, probably in the night, and uncertain of what hands she might first fall into, appeared an effort above human nature. * * * *

"Let such as are affected by these circumstances of alarm, hardship and danger, recollect that the subject of them was a woman; of the most tender and delicate frame; of the gentlest manners, and habituated to all the soft elegancies and refined enjoyments that attend high birth and fortune. Her mind alone was formed for such trials."



Oh, stronger in that awful hour, And mightier than the strife, Her tried affection's holy power, That lofty inspiration gave, And nerved with courage, ealm and brave, The true, high-hearted wife! She in her fearless faith would seek The proud, victorious foe, The chilling grief that blanched her cheek, To the stern hearts of men should speak: The strong should bow before the weak, And pity her wild woe. Her love the stricken one should bless, Her lips the brow of pain should press, By all her soul's deep tenderness, She to her lord would go!

Down by the surging river's shore, Lashed by the foaming spray,

*The following account of the devoted wife's reception at the American camp, is from the pen of Wilkinson: "About ten o'clock I was advised from the advanced guard on the river, that a batteau under a flag of truce had arrived from the enemy, with a lady on board, who bore a letter to General Gates from General Burgoyne. * * *

"The party on board the boat attracted the attention of the sentinel, and he had not hailed ten minutes before she struck the shore; the lady was immediately conveyed into the apartment of Major Dearborn, which had been cleared for her reception. The next morning when I visited the gnard, before sunrise, her boat had put off and was floating down the stream to our camp, where General Gates, whose gallantry will not be denied, stood ready to receive her with all the tenderness and respect to which her rank and condition gave her a claim; indeed, the feminine figure, the benign aspect, and polished manners of this charming woman were alone sufficient to attract the sympathy of the most obdurate."

With spreading sail and waiting ear,
The frail boat ready lay—
And thither with light step and fleet,
Her fond heart winging her fast feet,
The brave wife bent her way.
A moment's pause, a brief space o'er,
And swift the light, careering barque,
Launched out upon the waters dark,
And closer round her shivering form,
Fell the cold mantle of the storm.

Oh, strengthened by the holy flame,
That glows within her breast,
And nerves with power her gentle frame,
When clouds come o'er her heaven fair,
What will not woman do and dare
For those her love hath blest!

LITTLE CHILDREN.

THERE is music, there is sunshine,
Where the little children dwell,
In the cottage, in the mansion,
In the hut or in the cell;
There is music in their voices,
There is sunshine in their love,
And a joy forever round them,
Like a glory from above.

There's a laughter-loving spirit
Glancing from the soft blue eyes,
Flashing through the pearly tear-drops,
Changing like the summer skies;
Lurking in each roguish dimple,
Nestling in each ringlet fair,
Over all the little child-face
Gleaming, glancing every where.

They will win our smiles and kisses,

By a thousand pleasant ways,

By the sweet bewitching beauty

Of their sunny, upward gaze;

And we cannot help but love them,

When their young lips meet our own,

And the magic of their presence

Round about our hearts is thrown.

Little children! yes, we love them
For their spirit's ceaseless flow,
For the joy that ever lingers
Where their bounding footsteps go;
'T is the sunshine of their presence
Makes the lowly cottage fair,
And the palace is a prison
If no little one is there.

When they ask us curious questions,
In a sweet, confiding way,
We can only smile in wonder,
Hardly knowing what to say;

As they sit in breathless silence,
Waiting for our kind replies,
What a world of mystic meaning
Dwells within the lifted eyes.

If, perchance, some passing shadow
Rests upon the little heart,
Then the pouting lip will quiver
And the silent tear will start;
Yet 't is only for a moment,
Sunny smiles again will play,
At a tone or word of kindness,
Spoken in a pleasant way.

Now we see them meekly kneeling
In the quiet hour of prayer,
Now we hear their ringing laughter
Floating on the summer air;
Breathing all the soul of music,
Soft it rises, clear it swells,
In its wild and thrilling gladness,
Sweeter than the chime of bells.

Hath this world of ours no angels?

Do our dimly shaded eyes

Ne'er behold the seraph's glory

In its meek and lowly guise?

Can we see the little children,

Ever beautiful and mild,

And again repeat the story,

Nothing but a little child?

I have seen them watch the glory
Of the purple sunset sky,
All the soul's unuttered feeling
Beaming from the speaking eye;
To my heart there came a rapture
Which the lifted face did bring,
And I thought, within my spirit,
Childhood is a holy thing.

When the soul, all faint and weary,
Falters in the upward way,
And the clouds around us gather,
Shutting out each starry ray;
Then the merry voice of childhood
Seems a soft and soothing strain—
List we to its silvery cadence,
And our hearts grow glad again.

When they talk to us of Heaven,
How we listen, half in awe!
As if they some holy vision—
Some resplendent glory saw;
For we know that they are better,
They are holier than we,
And they seem to us as angels,
Spotless in their purity.

Are ye never, never sad?

Are your brows forever cloudless,

And your hearts forever glad?

Is there light and joy forever,

Where your merry footsteps fall,
In the orchard, in the garden,
In the yard or in the hall?

Is there freedom in your laughter?

Is there gladness in your tones?

Is there sunlight in your child-hearts?

Tell me, O ye little ones!

Ah! we hear no whispered sorrow,

Breathing of the heart's unrest,

Well we know that ye are happy,

Well we know that ye are blest.

Oh! I wonder not the Saviour,
He, the beautiful, the meek,
To the precious little children,
Tender, loving words did speak.
'T is a pleasant thing to teach them
Unto him to bend the knee,
Since He spake the words of blessing,
"Suffer them to come to me."

Yea, of such is heaven's kingdom,
And if we would enter there,
We must seek the sinless garment
Which the little child doth wear.
Father, bless the little children,
Bless them every where they dwell—
In the palace, in the mansion,
In the hut or in the cell;

May the clouds of sin and sorrow Never darken o'er their way, And in heart may we be like them, Pure and innocent as they.

EARNEST.

EARNEST! t' is a little word,
Often spoken, often heard,
Written, printed, read and spelt,
Mighty only when 't is felt!
Earnest! t' is the electric fire,
Kindled by the high desire,
Glowing solemnly and still,
Moulding all things to the will,
Soul of action, spring of thought,
Working miracles of nought,
Throwing years into an hour,
Volumes may not tell its power!

Student with the thoughtful brow,
Lighted by ambition's glow,
Toiling up the rugged steep,
Worn and weary, faint and weak,
Reaching after hidden things,
Wouldst thou soar on eagle-wings—
Wouldst thou scale the mountain's hight,

Bathe in the unclouded light, See the secret fount unsealed. Read the mystery revealed, Earnest delving in the mine, Where the gems of science shine, Earnest seeking for the light, That shall make the darkness bright Earnestness to will and do, Deep, resistless, strong and true— This shall prove the master key, Opening the way for thee, This shall plant thy fainting feet Where the crystal waters meet, Gushing from Castalia's springs, This shall lend thy spirit wings, Throne thee in the sea of light Streaming from the mountain's hight.

Poet, with the dreamy eye,
Born with aspirations high,
Wouldst thou weave the burning thought
Into strains with music fraught,
Binding with a mighty spell,
Wheresoe'er thy numbers swell,
Chaining e'en the idle throng,
Give thy soul unto thy song!
Poesy languished till it caught
Genius from the earnest thought—
Write in earnest, ye that write,
Let the heart the words indite;

Write not for a sounding name, Not for fortune, not for fame, Write not for the things that be, Write—but for eternity.

Statesman, with the tongue of flame, Jealous of thy country's fame, Wouldst thou wield the sword of might, Plead in earnest for the right; Wouldst thou sway the breathless crowd By thine inspiration bowed, Earnestly and firmly speak; This shall flush the list'ner's cheek, This shall fire the kindling eye, Flashing back the soul's reply; This shall prove the wondrous charm That shall error's hosts disarm. Yea, each thrilling word shall then Tell upon the hearts of men, And thine earnestness shall be Mind and strength and power to thee.

Christian! 'mid the tempest's strife,
On the stormy sea of life,
Wouldst thou safely steer thy barque
O'er the waters deep and dark;
Wouldst thou win the dazzling prize,
Veiled away from mortal eyes,
Earnest clinging to the cross,
When the angry billows toss,

Earnest faith and earnest prayer,
Earnest will to do and bear,
These shall pave the way for thee
Unto immortality.
Pray in earnest, ye that pray,
Work in earnest while ye may;
Very few shall wear the crown,
Who would lay their armor down;
Very few shall win the day
Who are weary by the way!
Very few shall enter in,
Who have not in earnest been.

Earnest! 't is a little word,
Often spoken, often heard,
Written, printed, read and spelt,
Mighty only when 't is felt!
'T is the earnest word that tells,
'T is the earnest stroke that fells,
'T is the earnest soul that's strong,
'T is the earnest life that's long;
Soul of action, spring of thought,
Working miracles of nought,
Throwing years into an hour,
Volumes may not tell its power!

FIRESIDE ANGELS.

The fireside is a holy place,
A consecrated spot,
We daily meet with angels here,
We see and know them not;
It may be that a sister's form
Is but a scraph's guise,
An angel's soul may look on us
From out a mother's eyes.

We may not see the shining form,
Or hear the rustling wing,
Our angels may not sing the songs
That other angels sing;
And we may daily kneel with them
And hear their fervent tone,
And never dream that we have bowed
With angels at the throne.

It may be that our watching eyes

Have missed one gentle face,

It may be that the firelight shines

Upon one vacant place;

We hear again the low, sweet voice,

We feel her presence near,

And know 't was one of finer clay

That tarried with us here.

Perchance we marked the changing cheek,
The earnest, thrilling gaze,
We saw she was not as the rest,
And wondered at her ways:
We could not tell what made her so,
For she was always thus,
And so we said within our hearts,
She is but one of us.

A joy and yet a mystery,
She lingered by our side,
We saw her when her cheek grew pale,
We saw her when she died;
And when they heaped the cold damp clods
Above her senseless breast,
We knew 't was one with shining wings
They laid away to rest.

It is the spirit of the skies,

The sweet and patient trust,

That forms a seraph of the clay,

An angel of the dust;

And when we see a pale, meek brow,

A gentle, love-lit eye,

These doubting hearts of ours may know,

An angel passes by!

They come not to the homes of earth,
Clothed in immortal light,
No dazzling forms in floating robes
Burst on the raptured sight;

With words of love and tenderness,
With meek and quiet mien,
They come to us as came of old
The lowly Nazarene,

Yet though our angels walk with us
Unheeded and unknown,
When God shall make His jewels up,
And seal them for His own,
Full many a lowly one of earth
Who walks in meekness here,
Shall drop the mantle of the dust
And shine an angel there!

UNWRITTEN POETRY,

A SILENT poem is a holy thing!
It hath a pure, unuttered, quiet joy,
An inborn music tremulous and low,
Breathing its bliss into the swelling heart
Until the soul grows hushed beneath the spell,
And the deep feeling finds no gushing voice,
To pour the burden of its rapture out.
The soul of poetry hath no home in words!
Creation's face is radiant with its seal,
The glad earth folds it to her thrilling heart,
The bending heavens drink in its wondrous light,
And the fair page of God's unwritten book,

Glows into glory 'neath its kindling smile.

The gorgeous clouds are floating melodies,

The springing grass a waving harmony,

The sunshine is a song, the wind a strain,

The flowers are poems and the stars are hymns,

And the deep voice of Nature's blended choir

One grand majestic anthem.

Round us floats The silent gladness of that wordless song, And, like a bird, the chainless spirit soars Away beyond the veiling clouds of earth, Drinks in the music of the rolling spheres, Scales the proud hights of Fancy's airy realm, And revels in a bright enchanted world. Then come the crowding thoughts, so deep with joy, The being bows beneath their glorious weight, And the full heart throbs with a new delight, And strives to teach the lip a fitting voice, To breathe its burden, so that all may feel. Oh, say not poetry lives in pleasant sounds, And ripples out its free melodious soul, In the clear warble of a running rhyme! There is a native chime and melody In the sweet flow of silver singing words, And the glad thought unfolded to the gaze, . The bright creation of the poet mind, Hath much of beauty in its graceful guise Of mellow sounds and numbers soft and low. Yet these are but the living fountain's spray, The sparkling foam upon the ocean's breast,

The dim revealing of the inner light
That throws a halo o'er a thing of joy,
And glorifies the beautiful of earth.
The words that glow upon the printed page,
That chain the eye and wake the answering thought,
Are as the shadow of the glory-light,
Circling the radiant heaven of the soul,
The far-off echo of the rapturous voice,
Forever singing in the poet's heart.

Oh, there are those within this world of ours,
To whom the very air grows tremulous
And quivers with the breath of song—and yet
They live, o'ershadow'd by the voiceless awe
That dares not speak! Aye, many a soul hath thrill'd
To the low music swept from Poesy's harp,
And yet the lip was mute! the silent seal
Was set and fixed upon the tongue of flame,
And the high spirit spurned the feeble words
That fain would chain and bind the burning thought,
And trusted rather to the kindling eye,
And flushing cheek, and glowing, speaking face,
To tell how deep, how eloquent a joy
Was gushing in the heart.

Oh, they are blest
Who find a glory where the dimmer eye
Sees nought of loveliness! who weave of life
A song of sunshine and a psalm of praise,
Who gather music from the singing stars,

And bow the knee where'er the holy seal Of Beauty's kiss is set! Yea, they are blest Though the rapt soul hath never told its joy, Nor the sealed lip breathed out one thrilling tone, That spoke the blessedness that reigned within! The inner light shall purer, softer glow, The inner music clearer, deeper swell, Until beyond the shadowy land of Death, The prisoned voice shall wake to melody, And swell the chorus of the angels' song. There the mute seal from the glad spirit loosed, Shall melt away before the breath of God; There Poesy's soul, breathing its native air, Shall drink the clear, eternal sunshine in, And the hushed heart shall find a seraph-strain, To hymn the rapture of its perfect praise!

THE RAIN.

Like a gentle joy descending,
To the earth a glory lending,
Comes the pleasant rain;
Fairer now the flowers are growing,
Fresher now the winds are blowing,
Swifter now the streams are flowing,
Gladder waves the grain;

Grove and forest, field and mountain,
Bathing in the crystal fountain,
Drinking in the inspiration,
Offer up a glad oblation
All around, about, above us,
Things we love and things that love us,
Bless the gentle rain.

Children's voices now are ringing,
Some are shouting, some are singing,
On the way to school;
And the beaming eye shines brighter,
And the bounding pulse beats lighter,
As the little feet grow whiter,
Paddling in the pool;
O the rain! it is a blessing,
Sweeter than the sun's caressing,
Softer, gentler—yea, in seeming,
Gladder than the sunlight gleaming,
To the children shouting, singing,
With the voices clear and ringing,
Going to the school.

Beautiful, and still, and holy,
Like the spirit of the lowly,
Comes the quiet rain;
'T is a fount of joy, distilling,
And the lyre of earth is trilling,
With a music low and thrilling,
Swelling to a strain;

Nature opens wide her bosom,
Bursting buds begin to blossom,
To her very soul 't is stealing.
All the springs of life unsealing,
Singing stream and rushing river,
Drink it in and praise the Giver
Of the blessed rain.

Lo! the clouds are slowly parting,
Sudden gleams of light are darting
Through the falling rain;
Bluer now the sky is beaming,
Softer now the light is streaming,
With its shining fingers gleaming
'Mid the golden grain;
Greener now the grass is springing,
Sweeter now the birds are singing,
Clearer now the shout is ringing,
Earth, the purified, rejoices
With her silver-sounding voices,

Sparkling, flashing like a prism,

In the beautiful baptism Of the blessed rain.

THE BLIND BARD OF ENGLAND.

When we unlatch the gate of dreams,
And step within the mystic land,
A floating halo round us streams,
And shadowy shapes, an airy band,
Go wandering through the spirit's aisles,
And gleams of light and sudden smiles
Too radiant for the waking gaze,
Flash through the dim and dreamy haze—
We sleep, we dream, another world
Unfolds unto the wondering mind,
Our eyes are shut, we cannot see,
Yet who shall say that we are blind?

Milton! a deeper, darker seal
Shut out from thee the holy light,
To thee the sun and stars were veiled,
To thee the noon was as the night!
The music of the morning bells
Was but the solemn vesper chime,
Nor summer's green, nor autumn's gold
Came with the rolling sounds of time;
The tinted clouds, the stars, the flowers,
The gorgeous earth, the bending skies,
The glory of this world of ours,
Were shadowed from thy sightless eyes,

No ray of sunshine, pure and blest,
On thy benighted vision stole,
Yet shall we say that darkness swayed
Its sable scepter o'er thy soul?
Were the black clouds of rayless night,
Pavilion of the god-like mind
That soared above the stars of heaven?
Thou Bard of England, wert thou blind?

Nay! Milton only shut his eyes And looked away to Paradise, Just as when sleep, the holy thing, Veils from our eyes the sunny gleams, Folds o'er the heart its loving wing, We look into the land of dreams. What light from the celestial goal Streamed down upon the poet's soul! What radiance from the burning throne Around him, like a glory, shone! He soared unto the morning land, Faith winged his flight, he could not doubt, He saw the golden gates thrown back, The angels going in and out-The splendor of the shining streets, The inner portals opened wide, The pavement like a jasper sea, The river's clear and crystal tide That wanders 'mid the fadeless bowers, And winding through the midst of Heaven Rolls o'er the fair Elysian flowersHe dared to lift the mystic veil
That shadows out the great unseen,
The spirit's glad, triumphant gaze,
Fell not before the dazzling sheen,
The eye of the immortal mind
Was never dim—was Milton blind?

A thousand times more blind than he, Are they who seeing, never see, Whose eyes drink in the pleasant light, Whose souls sit robed in starless night-A thousand times more blest the seal That shuts the sunlight from the blind, Than the eternal, sunless cloud That shrouds the vision of the mind! Oh! if the world be veiled away, If sun, nor star, upon us shine, If ne'er returns the dawning day, Nor light of "human face divine," Yet, if the beatific seal That shut the Bard of England's eves, Give unto us the quenchless ray That beamed upon him from the skies; Yea, if the wondrous gift be ours To talk with angels as with men, To con the mystic lore of Heaven, And write it with a flaming pen, Like Milton's could the restless soul Away its chafing fetters fling, And in the pure, transparent sea



Of God's own glory bathe its wing, And as he sung, oh could we sing, Then blindness were a blessed thing!

Call him not blind, to whom 't was given To soar away from earth to Heaven! The splendor of the noon-day sun Is dim unto the elearer light, The holy flood that inward shone And planted there a seraph's sight. The lamp of God was in his soul, And clouds and darkness fled away, As melt the early morning mists, Before the open eye of day. He looked where others dared not look, He saw, yet not as others see, With Faith's clear eye he gazed away, And pierced the clouds of mystery; When from the dazzling scene he turned, The poet's soul within him burned, The thrilling joy that silent came, 'Woke there a bright celestial flame, The poetry of his master mind, The native music, deep and strong, Burst forth in one undying strain,

One rapturous tide of holy song.
Oh, not as others sing, he sung,
His lyre was as an angel's tongue!
He saw and told of things unseen,

Of highest Heaven, of deepest Hell, Till wondering nations bowed entranced, Awed by the strange and solemn spell. What high mysterious power was this, With daring hand to lift the screen, And rend away the mystic veil, Between the seen and the unseen! What wondrous skill, untold, divine, That bold and fearless pen had taught To paint the mighty scenes of strife, Where devils with archangels fought! Had one descended from the skies, A seraph in a mortal's guise? Had he laid off his shining robes, · And mingled with them, as a man, Who on the battle plains of Heaven, Had once with Gabriel led the van? Nay! 't was the spirit of our God That breathed upon his soul the fire, That thrilled his spirit's quivering chords, And woke the Bard of England's lyre!

Immortal Milton! thou hast tuned
Thy harp unto a nobler strain,
Yea, as of old, the master hand,
Sweeps o'er the trembling strings again,
The soul's deep music, full and clear,
Swells higher now, and yet not here!
Away beyond the arching skies

With Heaven's high minstrels thou dost bow,
The film has faded from thine eyes,
And face to face thou seest now,
No shadow veils the seraph-band,
There are no blind within that land,
Nor sun, nor star, nor noon, nor night,
Thou art with God, and "God is LIGHT."

THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

It comes to me in the early day

When the bright clouds float on their morning way;
It comes to me when the skies are fair,
And a bird-song swells on the summer air,
When the sunshine floats with a quivering smile
To the emerald heart of the forest aisle;
It comes with its wealth of radiant dreams,
Nor the tint that glows, nor the light that gleams,
May bind my soul with so sweet a spell
As the Spirit of Song I love so well.

It comes to me when the red light plays,
And the bright waves blush in the sunset's blaze,
When the gorgeous glow of the clouds that lie,
Like an island group, in the dreamy sky,
Flashes softly down on the waters blue,
And wreathes a garland of glorious hue,

And a spell more bright than the flashing light, And a wreath more fair than the cloud-wreath there, It weaves for me, as it floats along, The gushing voice of the Soul of Song.

It comes to me in the stilly night,
When the sky is clear and the stars are bright,
When the moonlight silvers the waving trees,
And a soft strain steals on the floating breeze,
When the beautiful heaven hath lost its flush,
And the air is still with a holy hush—
It comes to me and I know not why,
For my dreams grow bright and my heart swells high,
With a sudden joy and a new delight,
When it sings to me in the starry night.

O'er the golden chords of my spirit's lyre,
Its fingers sweep, and a music fire
Swells softly up from the trembling strings,
A note of the rapturous strain it brings,
And there comes a joy to my throbbing heart,
That forms of my being the purest part,
Till my soul grows glad with an unbreathed prayer,
And I kneel and utter its burden there,
When the star-light rests on the waters clear,
And none but the God of love is near.

It comes to me when the wild winds moan,
And my sad heart thrills with an answering tone,
It comes when the chime of a distant bell
Is borne on the air with a silvery swell,

When a rippling laugh and a merry shout,
And a gay glad voice, in their joy, ring out,
When the wind-harp plays 'mid the tasseled trees,
And their banners wave in the rustling breeze—
It comes to me but it stays not long,
The singing voice of the Soul of Song.

It breathes on my heart in the hour of prayer,
And wakens a heavenly music there;
It shadows my soul with its shining wing
And whispers of many a beautiful thing;
It sings a strain of the land afar
Where the Saviour dwells and the angels are,
A strain so blest that a thrilling smile
Rests softly down on my heart the while,
And a new light glows and a sunshine lives,
In the music sweet that the Spirit gives.

I may not tell why it comes to me,
'T is a strange and beautiful mystery!

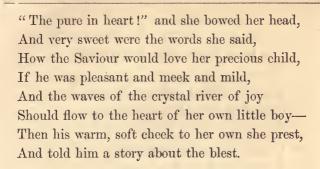
It hath wreathed a joy for the dream of life,
It hath stilled the storm, it hath hushed the strife:
Oh! not for the wealth of the glittering mine,
Would I lose the light of its smile divine,
I would feel the hush of the angel's breath,
Till my brow grows damp with the dews of death,
Till the life-dream fades, with its mystic spell,
And the strains of a deeper music swell;
I would hear it then 'mid the seraph-throng,
The glorious voice of the Soul of Song.

"WHO ARE THE BLEST?"

"Who are the blest?" said a little child,
A thing so fair that the angels smiled,
As he knelt him down, with an artless grace,
And a holy light on his meek, young face,
When the dreamy shades of the twilight dim
Had hushed his voice to a low, glad hymn,
And stilled the gush of his childish glee,
To say his prayer by his mother's knee.

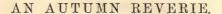
"Who are the blest?" and the earnest eyes,
In the tender glow of the twilight skies,
In the holy hush of that sabbath night,
Grew deeper still, with a wondrous light,
And he looked away through the pensive gloom,
That settled down o'er the cottage-room,
Till his glance beamed bright, with a strange unrest,
The yearning gaze of the early blest.

"The blest, my boy?" and the mother smiled,
And her heart went out to her sinless child,
And her eye grew dim and her voice grew low,
As she pushed the curls from his fair broad brow;
For she thought of his sweet and quiet ways,
And turned away from the questioning gaze,
And the answer fell from her lips apart,
"The blest, my boy, are the pure in heart!"



Closer she folded the little one,
And talked to him long in a quiet tone,
Of the glorious light of the City of God,
Of the golden streets and the pavement broad,
Till the long lids drooped o'er the wondering eyes,
And shut out the light of their soft surprise,
And he slept on her bosom and dreamed the rest,
Of the beautiful story about the blest.

'Tis Sabbath eve—through the open door
The moonbeams fall on the cottage floor,
In the dreamy hush of the silver light
The mother is sitting alone to night!
Her meek heart bows as she lifts her eyes,
And looks away to the burning skies,
And a deep joy steals to her tranquil breast,
For the child she hath loved is with the blest.



I LOVE the faint and dreamy haze, That foldeth in the autumn days.

I wander from the Babel din, And drink the mellow sunshine in.

It stills my throbbing heart's unrest, A pleasant sadness fills my breast.

I sit beneath the rustling trees And listen to the whispering breeze.

Half mournfully it talks to me, Of all that was and will not be.

Through the dim years I look away, I'm with my sisters now at play.

We're in the grand, old chestnut grove, The place that most of all we love.

We're looking upward, one and all, And at our feet the brown nuts fall.

We shout aloud, How beautiful! And fill our tiny aprons full.

Upon the green grass, side by side, The gathered store we now divide.

The grove rings with our laughter wild, How sweet it is to be a child!

The spell is o'er—the dream has flown, I'm sitting silent and alone.

Mine eyes are swimming now in tears, I turn me from those olden years.

The faint air fans my glowing cheek; My heart is full—I cannot speak.

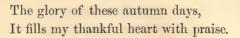
The rapture of that early bliss, Fades in the solemn joy of this.

Unto the outer world I turn, And holy lessons here I learn.

The crimson of these maple trees, 'T is like the flush of fell disease.

The withered leaves that downward fall, They 'mind me of the shroud and pall.

The blue of these autumnal skies, It makes me think of Paradise.



I kneel me down upon the sod, And pour it in the ear of God.

DEATH.

DEATH is the shutting of a flower,
The closing of a mournful hour,
The paling of a coral lip,
The hushing of a bounding step,
The dimming of a starry eye,
The sev'ring of a mystic tie,
The breaking of a brittle thread,
The robing for a narrow bed,
The bursting of the bonds of sin,
The going out, the entering in,
The ending of a fearful strife,
The dawning of immortal life!

Death is the interval between

The visible and the unseen—

The pale and mystic realm that lies
Between our world and Paradise.

Death is the triumph hour of all

Who wait to hear the Master's call,

The laying of the armor down,
The putting on the victor's crown,
The finale of the things that be,
The sunrise of eternity!
The ceasing of the tempter's sway,
The Christian's Coronation-day!

How blest, how beautiful, the faith
That falters not in view of Death!
That lifts the trembling, sinking soul,
And points it to the dazzling goal,
That throws a halo o'er the tomb,
And gives a glory to its gloom—
That looks beyond the threatening tide,
Sees Heaven's glad portals opening wide,
Sees the strong hand reached out to save,
Clasps it, and triumphs o'er the grave!
On the soul's altar glows the fire,
The heavenly hope, the high desire,
The pure, the bright, celestial flame,
That finds a life in Jesus' name.

RURAL LIFE.

Nor in the princely palace home, With stately walls and gilded dome, Where, through the live-long summer day, The glad sunshine is veiled away Lest it should stream too clear and bright
For eyes that shun the blessed light,
And like the night-unfolding flowers,
Gleam only in the star-lit hours—
Not in the lofty halls of pride
Where music floats at even-tide,
Where gorgeous lights are softly streaming
And jewels flash and pearls are gleaming,
Where love finds speech in meaning glances
And low words breathe the heart's romances,
And song and revelry resound,
May peace, the spirit's gem, be found.

Out in the sunshine, where the flowers Breathe perfume on the summer hours, Where wood-bines wreathe the cottage eaves, And birds glance in and out the leaves; Out in God's great and glorious world Where rise the everlasting hills, Where broad, majestic rivers roll, And grandeur all the being fills; Out in the country, where the soul Holds converse high with Nature's God, Scorns the vain world's unblest control, And spurns it as the senseless clod; Here taught by every living thing, By flowers that bloom and birds that sing, By all around, about, above, To glorify the God of love,

The soul expands, the heart beats high And pleasure lights the kindling eye, There breathes no sound of sin or strife, And blessings crown the rural life,

What though no proud and costly dome Towers o'er the farmer's rustic home. What though his ample brow is tanned, And brown and hard his honest hand, The song of birds, the breath of flowers, Make poetry of his toiling hours, And when the golden sheaves are bound, When song and sunshine fade away, And full and clear the harvest moon Shuts softly out the dying day; When night comes o'er the quiet skies And stars light up the azure dome, With peaceful heart and cheerful step, He hies him to his happy home. Young, bird-like voices, sweet and clear, Breathe music on his list'ning ear, He feels the soft and downy clasp Of tiny arms around his neck, A fragrant breath is on his brow And close to his a velvet cheek. Now seated 'mid his little throng, His youngest prattler on his knee, His other jewels clustered round, What monarch is more blest than he!

Oh, ye who seorn the sons of toil, The earnest, noble, mighty men, Whose brown hands till the grateful soil, Whose homes are in the vale and glen; Oh, ye who pass him proudly by, Whose broad brow bears the seal divine, Because, forsooth, he hath not bowed, A worshipper at Fashion's shrine! Go forth into the pleasant fields, When early wakes the rosy morn, When stars have set and sunrise gilds The growing grain and rustling corn; Look o'er the fragrant, flowery meads, Deep seas of living, waving green, The glory of the harvest hills, The valleys in the distance seen; And think ye't was a lily hand That till'd the broad and beauteous land? And think ye one of slender frame, Of sneering lip and haughty brow, Whose glory is a sounding name, Whose dainty fingers spurn the plow, Ere felt a joy more pure, more blest, Than glows within the farmer's breast?

O rural scenes! O summer hours!
O sunny hill-sides starr'd with flowers!
O waving woodlands, crystal streams!
O bird-songs rippling wild and free!

Ye float around us in our dreams, Ye weave of life a melody! We call them blest whose pathway leads O'er velvet lawns and waving meads, Whose tent is pitched, whose bower is made Out in the country's sylvan shade, Whose pavement is the green glad earth, Whose roof the sky we daily see, Whose poems are the rocks and hills, Whose music, Nature's minstrelsy! Here taught by all around, above, To glorify the God of love, The soul expands, the heart beats high, And pleasure lights the kindling eye. The spirit of repose comes by,-There breathes no sound of sin or strife, And blessings crown the rural life.

WATER.

THERE is gladness in the water,
Beautiful and cool and clear,
Welling from the heart of Nature,
For the peasant and the peer;
Gleaming in the polished dipper,
Sparkling in the brimming glass,
Flashing in the pleasant sunshine,
Winding through the waving grass;

Gushing from the breezy mountain, Babbling down the sylvan dell, Leaping from the crystal fountain, Bubbling from the mossy well.

There is beauty in the water,

There is life and health and joy,
Beauty for the dark-eyed daughter,
Gladness for the red-cheeked boy;
Springing step and graceful motion,
Wild and airy, free and light,
Glowing face and bounding pulses,
Dancing eyes forever bright,
It will give you, oh the water,
Bubbling beauty, gurgling joy!
Beauty for the dark-eyed daughter,
Gladness for the red-cheeked boy.

There is music in the water,
Music in its singing tide,
In its clear and crystal beauty,
Rippling down the mountain's side;
There is music in its gushing,
There is rhythm in its flow,
Gliding through the quiet valleys,
With a murmur glad and low;
In the meadows softly walking,
With its cool and blessed feet,
Through the forest softly talking
In a whisper hushed and sweet.

There is healing in the water
Welling from the limpid spring
Stainless in its flowing freedom,
Health and blessedness it brings;
Tuning all the spirit's music
To the gladness of its strains,
Sending back the purple life-tide,
Bounding, circling through the veins.
Oh, the healing of the water,
Fresh and sparkling from the spring!
'T is the soul of life and beauty,
'T is a pure and blessed thing!

There is blessing in the water—
Blessing in its silver flow,
Whispering through the waving woodlands,
Where the tasseled birches grow;
In the sunshine, in the shadow,
Winding through the velvet grass,
In the large, old-fashioned dipper,
In the dainty modern glass;
Gushing from the breezy mountain,
Singing down the sylvan dell,
Leaping from the crystal fountain,
Bubbling from the mossy well.

THE SABBATH.

Hail, blessed Sabbath! season sweet
Of rest to weary mortals given,
When Christians kneel at Jesus' feet,
And all of earth seems lost in Heaven!

The children of the Saviour love
This holy, consecrated day,
A beacon from the land above,
To guide them in the narrow way.

The bells have rung, and gently now
The voice of prayer ascends on high,
Scarce uttered—yet though soft and low,
Borne up beyond the deep blue sky.

A tranquil awe—a silence deep— Reigns in its blessedness abroad; The great world's strife is hushed to sleep, And millions bow to worship God.

O solemn Sabbath! who shall dare Profane thy soul-subduing rest? Mock at the songs of praise and prayer, Or scorn the glory of the blest!

The breathings of the "still, small voice"
Seem speaking to the peaceful soul,
Of the fair land where saints rejoice,
And endless Sabbaths onward roll.

God of the Sabbath! while we kneel
With lowly hearts before Thy throne,
Thyself, in pard'ning love, reveal,
And kindly seal us all thine own!

THE DYING INFANT.

How still it lies! how calm its sweet repose!
How gently now the weary eyelids close!
How faintly beats the little fluttering heart!
The sinless spirit struggles to depart.
The death-light quivers o'er the baby brow,
And paler grows its polished whiteness now.
The life-light fades from out the azure eyes,
Mild as the blue of fair Italia's skies.
Hush! softer, fainter falls the feeble breath,
Ah! thou art near, thou cruel victor, DEATH!

Now all is o'er! the gentle babe is dead—Cold, cold it lies, the spark of life hath fled; The little heart is still and pulseless now, The soft bright curls upon the cherub brow, That shames the whiteness of his snowy shroud, Rest like the sunlight on a silver cloud; The tiny hands are folded on his breast, And calmly now the little one doth rest, As when in life those starry eyes did close, To dream away the hours of long repose.

Sleep on, sweet babe! no more thou 'lt wake to life, For thee hath ceased earth's sad and weary strife, For thee, bright one, its loveliness hath fled, And thou art numbered with the silent dead! Thy life was short, yet gentle as the flower That blooms to wither in one fleeting hour; Thou wert a bud too fair to nestle here, A lamb from out the Saviour's fold, too dear To stray from Him, in this cold world to roam, His eye was on thee, and He called thee home.

A SKELETON IN THE NATIONAL HOUSE.

When England set her daring foot
Unbidden on our strand,
And darkling clouds, in gathering gloom,
Hung o'er our cherished land;
When rose the loud, alarum cry,
That woke a nation's rest,
And roused the bright, immortal spark
Within the freeman's breast;

The spirit of our fathers burned,

The flaming tide swelled high,

They pledged, by all that's pure, their faith,

To conquer, or to die!

And when the trumpet's stirring peal
Woke hill and mountain glen,
Forth from the field and forest came
A host of mighty men.

The ploughboy girded on his sword,
And left his song unsung,
The music of the woodman's axe
Grew silent where it rung;
And from a thousand humble homes
Went up frail woman's prayer,
As fiery-hearted youth went forth
With men of hoary hair.

Then rose the sound of clashing arms
From many a blood-red field,
And warmly down the sunlight flashed
On glittering spear and shield;
The waters of our lakes and rills
Were dyed with crimson stains,
The battle-cloud was on our hills,
Its smoke above our plains.

The Foeman's track was on our shores,
His white sails on our seas,
And Albion's flaming standard waved
Triumphant in the breeze.
The black cloud darkened o'er our land,
And fiercer grew the strife,
While from a hundred battle plains
Smoked the red tide of life.

O Freedom! 't was thy deathless love
That thrilled the warrior's soul,
That nerved with strength his failing arm
And pointed to the goal.
And when the serried ranks grew thin
Before the driving shot,
A new fire lit his flashing eye,

A sudden glory shone around
The brow of Washington,
And clouds and darkness rolled away
As mist before the sun.
Up from the hills there rose a shout
That made the welkin ring,
And our own eagle soared on high,
A free and chainless thing.

His strong faith wavered not.

Forth from the red, baptismal sea
Our virgin nation rose,
No shadow on her stainless soul,
As pure as mountain snows;
The glory of a million lips,
The boast of Liberty,
The wonder of a gazing world,
The watchword of the free!

O Freedom! thing so dearly bought!
Thou wert—but thou art not;
There festers in our country's heart
A loathsome canker spot.

And to our burning cheek there comes
The crimson flush of shame,
Since we, who call our nation free,
But mock thy sacred name!

Beneath our very stars and stripes,
Where sits our stately bird,
The cruel sound of falling lash
And answering shriek is heard.
Aye, on the storied fields of eld,
The consecrated plains,
Where Marion led his gallant hosts,
Is heard the clank of chains!

We glory in our equal rights,

We boast our righteous laws,

We shout until the vaulted skies

Ring with our loud huzzas;

And yet, within this lovely land,

Where song and shout resound,

Goes up to Heaven the mournful wail

Of bleeding brothers bound.

Beneath the warm skies of the South,
Where groves of citron wave,
And spicy breezes fan the brow,
They scourge the fettered slave.
Wider the awful shadow spreads,
In vain we cry Forbear!
And tremble lest the demon's breath
Should taint our northern air.

We groan beneath no tyrant's yoke,
We fear no foreign foe,
With our own fingers we have sown
The seed of future woe;
A million hearts send up the prayer,
Avenge the hated wrong!
A million voices lift the cry,
How long! O Lord! how long!

O Slavery! thy blighting curse
Hath sullied our fair fame,
The glory of our land is dimmed,
A stain is on our name;
Oppression's iron heel profanes
The soil our fathers trod,
Our nation's burning sin invokes
The fearful wrath of God.

Father, we bow low in the dust,
We lift our hearts to thee,
Strike from the slave his galling chains,
And set the captive free!
Tear down this false, unholy shrine
And let an altar rise,
Where Freedom's sacred fire shall burn,
Eternal to the skies!

THE CHOLERA.

Lo! on the breeze is borne a mournful strain,
A phantom dread hath crossed the heaving main,
A strange, dark cloud hath shadowed our fair land!
The severed group, the broken household band,
The lonely home, the desolated hearth,
Where late was heard the voice of song and mirth;
The ghastly corpse, the hearse, the bier, the pall,
The grave-like stillness brooding over all;
The tolling bell, the heart's unuttered woe,
These mark the coming of the dreaded foe!
Strange words are whispered—how they chill the heart!

Young lips grow white and fair forms shuddering start;

From palace halls and mansions dark and lone, Goes wildly up one deep, sepulchral groan; Glad tones are stilled, cheeks pale with boding fear, The fearful scourge, the pestilence is near!

O'er the gay city broods a mournful gloom,
From the wide shadow of the yawning tomb!
Silence is in her courts: the ceaseless strife,
The giddy whirl, the circling tides of life,
Have known a hush; the lone, deserted street
Echoes no more with tramp of hurrying feet;
A heavy pall each silent walk doth shroud,
Where lately thronged the busy, bustling crowd;

At Fashion's shrine young knees no longer bow,
And Pleasure's haunts are sad and cheerless now.
When the calm night unfolds her starry wing,
And the pale moon shines forth a holy thing,
Knees lowly bend that never knelt before,
And song and revelry are heard no more.
Music hath lost its wild, "voluptuous swell,"
The mystic dance its fascinating spell;
And beauty threads no more the 'wildering maze,
'Mid flashing lights and jewels' gorgeous blaze.

Now the fond mother bends above her child,
And calls upon her God in accents wild,
The cherub, smiling in his cradle bed,
Hath felt the touch of Death; the color fled
From the warm softness of the rounded cheek,
A tale of voiceless agony doth speak
To her who kneels beside the stricken form,
And bows in anguish to the fearful storm.
Close to her breast she folds the writhing frame,
Kisses the lips that strive to lisp her name;
Her heart grows sick, her faltering strength grows
weak,

A sudden paleness settles on her cheek,
The cold sweat gathers on her death-struck brow,
And livid shadows chill its whiteness now.
No earthly aid, no human arm may save,
And child and mother find one common grave!
Is there no power to stay the pending doom?
No might to lock the portals of the tomb?

O'er our fair country must the deluge sweep,
And leave the soul in loneliness to weep?
From the crushed heart goes up the piercing cry,
As if 't would rend the calm, unheeding sky.
Father of mercies, stay the avenging hand,
And spare the alters of our stricken land!

Dare we lift up our hearts in holy prayer, And call on God in pitying love to spare? Is there no blush upon our nation's soul? O'er her fair spirit hath no shadow stole? Have we not cherished in our land a foe That brings a darker, direr, deadlier woe? Is there no plague-spot on our nation's creed, Than e'en the blighting pestilence more dread? A blot so foul, a stain with sin so deep, That o'er its blackness angels e'en might weep! Go ask thy brother, writhing 'neath his chains, His warm flesh quivering, dyed with crimson stains, Fears he the shadow of the awful cloud That wraps the mansions of the great and proud? Is life to him a sweet and pleasant thing To which his heart in anxious hope doth cling? Nay! well we know the cold and joyless grave, In all its gloom, is welcome to the SLAVE. By the new light within his sullen eye, We know the captive deems it blest to die. Go ask the victim of the withering blight That shrouds the soul in one eternal night, He who hath looked upon the ruby wine,

And bartered all that maketh man divine!
Will he not tell thee of a deeper woe
Than e'en the stricken, death-chilled heart may
know?

Mark well the bloodless cheek and sunken eye—
Who bid him lay his noble manhood by?
Weep o'er the wreck and mourn the bitter cause,
Ye who profess to give us righteous laws.
'T was ye who sanctioned the unholy creed,
That worked the ruin, wrought the fearful deed.

Father, we bow beneath the chast'ning rod,
Our proud hearts yield, we own once more our God;
With spirits humbled even to the dust,
We bless Thee now, and own Thy wrath as just.
Forth from the fiery furnace, purged and tried,
A nation blest, a nation purified,
With contrite heart and lowly bended knee,
Father of mercies now we come to Thee!
Oh, stay the curse! withdraw the mighty hand,
And smile once more upon our stricken land!

LITTLE HATTIE.

They have told thee she must die, mother,
When the summer roses bloom,
They will lay her sadly, gently down,
In the cold and silent tomb.

There is sorrow on thy brow, mother,
And a tear is in thine eye,
For thy heart is very sad to think
That thy little one must die.

By the angel seal that's stamped, mother, On the baby's sinless brow, By the earnest light in the starry eyes, That are resting on thee now:

We know she may not stay, mother,

Through the long bright summer-hours,
Aye, we know that thou wilt miss her soon,

From thy band of infant flowers.

When thy sweet-voiced, warbling bird, mother,
Came fluttering to thy breast,
Like a doveling to its own soft home,
Like a wanderer to its rest:

There was joy in every heart, mother, There was light in every eye, For ye dreamed not that so fair a thing, In its loveliness, would die.

When the lisping voice is hushed, mother,
'And the cherub-brow is cold,
When the little heart lies calm and still,
'Neath the death-robe's snowy fold:

When they lay thy babe to rest, mother,
In the grave so lone and drear,
And the sorrow-cloud droops darkly down,
O'er the hearts that loved her here:

Thou wilt feel her warm, sweet breath, mother,
Falling lightly on thy cheek,
And the loving little arms again,
Will be twined around thy neck.

Thou wilt fold her to thy heart, mother,
As in sunny days gone by,
Ere the home wreath miss'd a tiny flower,
Or the death-cloud lingered nigh.

But the lovely dream will fade, mother,
And the silent tear will fall;
For thy little one may wake no more
To thy fond and loving call.

When the merry shout is heard, mother,
And the laugh rings wild and free,
Thou wilt turn away in speechless grief,
They will bring no joy to thee!

Thou wilt miss a fairy form, mother, From the joyous household band, And the softest little star of all, Will shine in the better land.

Thou wilt miss the earnest gaze, mother,
Of the eyes so blue and mild,
And thy heart will yearn with longings vain,
For thy gentle, Christ-like child!

I know not why it is, mother,

That the things we love the most,

Like the fairest flowers, are sure to fade,

And the loved are soonest lost.

She is but a jewel lent, mother,

The gem so soft and fair,

Is a borrowed one from Paradise,

And we know 't is wanted there.

In the land above the stars, mother,
Little Hattie soon will rest,
She will slumber very sweetly there,
On the loving Saviour's breast.

The glories of that radiant sky,
Will forever round her shine,
And her tears will all be wiped away,
By a gentler hand than thine.



Perchance long years of woe, mother,
May be spared thy cherish'd one;
For our Father sees not as we see:
His will, not ours, be done!

PEACE, BE STILL.

When the Saviour's "Peace, be still,"
Hushed the waves of Galilee,
And a calm stole, like a thrill,
O'er the dark and surging sea;
When the winds and waters slept,
Cradled in the arms of Power,
There was rapture in each heart—
There was blessing in the hour.

Mortal, when the waves of life,
Like the angry billows, roll,
And the clouds of doubt and strife
Droop, in darkness, o'er the soul—
Cling unto the cross of Christ,
Bow, in meekness, to His will;
He will hush thy heart's unrest,
He will whisper, "Peace, be still."

THE BIBLE.

Read it not lightly—sacred glories shine
On every page of the eternal book,
And visions bright, and mysteries divine,
Are here revealed to those who humbly look,
And pray for God's own Spirit while they read,
To give them light—light that to Him shall lead.

Read it not lightly, ye who gaily tread

The halls where Fashion holds her princely sway;
The path between the living and the dead,
Is but a narrow and a darksome way.
Read it not lightly—it will guide thee o'er
The waves that swell to the eternal shore!

Read it not lightly, mourner, who hast seen
The life-light fading from the eye of love,
The death-damp resting on the brow serene,
And the soul longing for its home above,
And groped in darkness 'neath the cloudless sun
That lit the heaven of the dying one.

Read it not lightly, for the voice of God
Will bring a rapture all unknown before,
And the high soul shall spurn the senseless clod,
And lift its longings to that peaceful shore,
Where grief comes not, nor Death's pale shade, nor tears,
Where joys eternal gild the rolling years.

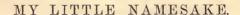
Read it not lightly—'t is a lamp from Heaven
To light the glowing fires of Love and Faith,
To point the soul, by waves of sorrow driven,
To the fair land beyond the shades of Death!
Oh, let the still, small voice of God be heard,
Whose inspiration stamps each burning word!

Read it not lightly—when the stars shall fall,
And shining suns from their high homes be hurled,
The Christian's hope, triumphant over all,
Shall stand unshaken 'mid "the crush of worlds,"
And the freed soul shall rise supremely blest,
And claim the promise of an endless rest.

Read it not lightly—earth shall pass away,

And the fair heavens melt with fervent heat,
Yet 'mid the ruins of that awful day,

When waves of flame with lurid waves shall meet, God's holy Word, the eternal Truth, shall stand, Firm, as when written by the inspired hand.



She's a dainty, blue-eyed girl
Made of finest mould,
Lips of rose and teeth of pearl,
Hair of paly gold;
Making olden hearts rejoice
With her tiny, warbling voice,
Gladder than a singing bird's,
Lisping sweet, half-uttered words,
Trilling out her baby glee,
Oh, a precious thing is she,
Youngest of the fold!

With a half uncertain fall,
Musical and sweet,
Pattering through the pleasant hall,
Come the busy feet!
Much I tremble for our pet,
Lest she prove a sad coquette;
For she treadeth daintily,
Deigning not to notice me—
Ah! I have the little Miss,
From her lips I snatch a kiss,
Is it not a treat!

Clingingly around my neck, Now the white arms twine, 90

Lovingly her downy cheek,
Nestles close to mine;
In her glee she presses now,
Playful kisses on my brow,
Oh, the warmth of her caress
Melts my soul to tenderness;
For the love of such a child,
All untainted, undefiled,
Is a thing divine!

Closer now the tiny form
To my heart I hold,
Thus forever from the storm,
From the chilling cold,
I would shield this gentle dove;
For the pleading look of love
In the baby eyes of blue,
Brings to mine the gathering dew.
Holy as the angels be,
In her sinlessness is she,
Pet lamb of the fold!

OUR COUNTRY.

WRITTEN JULY 4TH, 1850.

Our country, we love thee! we love thy green hills,
Thy wide, rolling rivers, and clear rippling rills,
Thy rich summer sunsets, the gay, gorgeous dyes,
That blend with the blue of the radiant skies,
Thy dark, waving forests, thy fair, virgin soil,
Where the harvest grows ripe for the husbandman's toil,
Thy cloud-circled mountains, and broad arching sky,
Thy glorious banner, reared proudly on high!

Hail! hail! to the standard that gracefully waves, O'er the tombs of our fathers—the time-honor'd graves, Where sleep the immortal, the heroes of yore, Who banished the foe from our beautiful shore! Had the brave-hearted yielded, O England! to thee, Would the blue welkin ring with the songs of the free? The voice of Oppression, the clank of her chain, And the low wail of Erin come over the main.

Oh, let us unite in one prayer for our land,
That the glorious temple of Freedom may stand,
That our own peerless eagle may lift its proud wing,
Unscathed and unshackled—a fetterless thing,
That the boom of the cannon, the shout loud and long,
O loved Independence! may blend with thy song—
That our beautiful banner triumphant may wave,
O'er lovely Columbia, land of the brave!

GONE UP HIGHER.

A Tribute to the memory of Hiram S. Pomerov, who died at Fort Edward Institute, the 8th of May, 1855.

The hush of Death hath been upon our hearts! The still deep hush, the mournful, solemn awe, Yea, it hath been with us, and we have wept! Ours was a perfect chain—no link was gone To note the entrance of the dreaded foe, And at the morning sacrifice 't was blest, 'T was beautiful, to bow before the throne, And thank our Father for the tender love That yet preserved us all. We saw not then The shadow of the dark and viewless wing That hovered o'er us, and as thus we met Unsevered, our full hearts gave praise to God, And, with a child-like trust, we dared to hope It might thus ever be, that we in peace Might thus together dwell a love-united band.

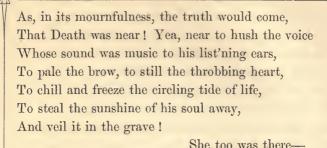
The days and weeks past on! The spring-time came With dreamy skies and sunsets soft, and clouds That lay like islands in a tranquil sea, With singing streams, and flash of waters bright, With springing flowers, and melody of birds, And all the voices sweet that thrill the soul, And make the young heart glad. Then came a change—And one with pure, broad brow and open gaze,



Whose soul was filled with melody, whose heart Was tuned to love—one with a gay, glad voice, The music of an aged father's soul,
A smile the sunshine of a mother's heart,
One with the spirit pure and meek of Him,
The Father's lowly Son, drooped suddenly,
And mournfully the word came to our ears,
That he would die!

In the first flush of youth When the clear eye had learned a deeper light From high communion with the Soul of thought, And the glad face was eloquent with bliss, When life was radiant with a thousand charms, And the warm heart swelled high with glowing hope, And brilliant dreams had wreathed a syren spell With which to bind the future—must he die?

Oh, there were sighs and tears, and the wrung hearts Of those who watched above the dying one, And saw the shadows stealing o'er his face, And knew the silver cord must soon be loosed, Were bowed in agony of prayer to Him Whose breath alone might raise the suff'rer up; That if it were His will, the cup might pass. In the deep silence of the holy night, When the still stars looked down with angel eyes, When earth had lulled her weary heart to rest, And all was hushed and fair, the summons came! O'er the loved form an aged father bent, And who may tell the woe, too deep for tears, That settled down upon his stricken soul,



She who had taught the childish knees to bend, And the low voice to lisp the name of Jesus! When in the beauty of his boyhood's years, Her lips had breathed the story of the cross, And she had talked of Him, the Crucified; Until her voice grew tremulous and low. Perchance as she had marked the earnest gaze, The troubled, thoughtful look, the silent tear, Stealing unbidden down the lifted face, And watched the dawning of each infant thought, A voice had whispered to her heart, that he, The child she loved, should sound the gospel trump, And spread the tidings of great peace and joy. Perchance her soul, in its deep love, had yearned To see her boy go forth, his armor on, And girded for the great and fearful strife, With the high seal of God upon his brow,

'T was but a dream—a vision of the soul Cherished and beautiful, held in her heart With the deep joy a mother's heart may know, Yet born to pass away, pencil'd to fade.

A flaming herald of the cross of Christ!

And now the mother felt that he must die!

Yet there is balm for even wounds like these;

Life knows no grief the Saviour may not heal.

The mourner leaned not on a broken reed;

And in that hour of deep and voiceless woe,

The stricken soul drew nearer to the throne,

And the pierc'd heart found strength and grace to say,

Thy will, O God, be done!

Glory was there!

Yea, glory in the heart of him that died,
And glory on his face, and in his words,
As the rapt soul looked up, with faith's clear eye,
And gathered, from the dawning light of Heaven,
A gleam, so blest, of that celestial land—
A new-born joy, so fraught with love divine,
That e'en the trembling strings of life must break!
Gently, as when a star fades from the blue,
And melts away, in the still morning light;
Sweetly, as when a blest and thrilling strain
Floats in its softness on the quiet air,
And fainter grows, until it dies away,
That morning sun went down—that spirit-lyre
Was hushed, and the glad music stilled for aye.

The morning dawned, and with it came a hush—A silent shadow on the careless heart;
And the bright smile was banished for the tear,
And tones were smothered and young steps grew light,
And the glad echo of the merry voice
Sounded no more, in freedom, through the halls,

For one had passed away, and all were sad.

A weary, mournful day, a long and silent night,
And the cold clay, so beautiful in death,
Was robed and coffined for the voiceless tomb.
Gently they bore him to his long, long rest!
Where the winds sigh amid the tassel'd trees,
And young flowers breathe their fragrance on the air,
Where bird-songs trill above the pleasant graves,
And the long grass, with many a shadowy wave,
Springs, in its softness, from the grateful earth,
And weaves a carpet for the mourner's tread,
They laid him down to sleep! Then with bowed hearts,

And tears, our broken band drew near, to bring Their offering sweet, of early budding flowers, The gracious tokens of a Father's love, And drop them gently in our brother's grave. Oh 't was a solemn hour, and many a heart That ne'er had known the quiet, inborn joy, The peace and glory of the wondrous love That shed a halo over Jordan's waves, That took away the sting—the fear of Death, And made it blest and beautiful to die, Was awed and softened by the holy spell That lingered round the portals of the tomb. Death was the gate—the vestibule of Heaven; And though we saw the cold and lifeless form, And gaz'd, in sorrow, on the once glad face, Rigid and passionless, we know he lives! 'T was the frail dust they laid away to rest,

Beneath the shadow of the whispering trees;
The soul—the deathless—the immortal part,
That gave such beauty to its earthly home,
Lives with its God, and bathes its tireless wing
In the glad sunshine of eternal love!
With angels, now, he bows before the throne;
The gushing voice, tuneless and hushed to us,
Blends with the sweetness of the scraph's song,
And swells the chorus of the anthem high,
Chanted, in rapture, by the blood-washed throng.
No night is there, nor sun, nor moon, nor stars,
But God's own glory is the light thereof;
And He, Himself, shall wipe all tears away!
Call we our band a broken one to-night?
Yes, we are here, and there is one in Heaven!

The grave hath hid the sunshine of his face, And the clear gaze of those deep eyes is veiled Forever, yet again we say, 'T IS WELL!

THE SPIRIT.

What is the spirit? 't is the mystic thing
That gives a glory to the speaking face,
That prints, upon the brow, a heavenly trace,
And lends the senseless clay a scraph's wing;
Something immortal, reaching to the skies,
Whose source is God—whose goal is Paradise!

WHO WOULD NOT DIE TO LIVE AGAIN?

I saw a fair and lovely child,
With eyes of heaven's softest blue
A form of sweet bewitching grace,
A heart that ne'er a sorrow knew.

With lightsome step she bounded on,
And garlanding the dewy flowers,
She twined them 'inid her sunny curls,
And danced away the golden hours.

Again I looked—the scene was changed;
Those soft blue eyes were gently closed,
And still and cold, in Death's embrace,
That fair and child-like form reposed.

The silken curls were smoothly laid,
From off the brow serenely white,
While round the pale and waxen lips,
There played a smile divinely bright.

Beside the gentle sleeper's couch,
A mother stood, with tearful eye,
She saw the casket of her gem,
The jewel sparkled far on high.

Upon the fair and sinless brow, She prest one fervent kiss of love, And then, in broken accents, sighed, "My flower but droops to bloom above."

I turned away—borne on the breeze,
Methought I heard a rapturous strain,
And angel voices seemed to ask,
"Who would not die to live again?"

THE DREAM.

Methought I stood in a lordly hall,
Where 'wildering splendors shone,
And light feet tripp'd to the rapturous swell
Of music's heavenly tone;
Soft love was stealing from soul-lit orbs,
In glances divinely bright,
And coral lips were witchingly wreathed,
With smiles of radiant light.

The ruby gleamed and the diamond flashed,
On many a queenly brow,
And the silvery laugh went floating by,
In cadence gentle and low;
The glorious voice of song went up,
From those halls so gay and proud,
And happiness seemed to reign that night,
In the heart of the dazzling crowd.

The sylph-like form and the airy tread,
Moved on in the mystic dance,
A scene so bright I had never met,
And stood in a breathless trance,
When one I saw, 'mid the giddy throng,
With a pale brow, broad and high,
With a lip whose smile was cloquent,
And a dark and speaking eye:

Her floating robe was of virgin white,

No gem 'mid her tresses gleamed,

The light of truth, on her peerless brow,

With a quiet luster beamed;

And lo! as I gazed, the bright throng paused,

That radiant form drew nigh,

And the words that fell from her parted lips

Were soft as the zephyr's sigh!

"Mortal, thinkest thou the angel of Peace
Hath folded her pinion here?
That dark eyes, flashing so proudly now,
Ne'er harbor the pearly tear?
Ah! many a heart with anguish beats,
'Neath a gay and costly robe,
And the silver wreath oft graces a brow
That burns with a painful throb.

Then go thy way, with a wiser heart,
Nor seck for happiness here,
Not all the gorgeous glitter of wealth
May purchase a thing so dear.

The light of a joyous soul may seem
From the 'witching glance to dart,
But a robe of smiles is often worn
To cover a broken heart."

Those silvery tones then died away,

That glorious form was gone;

She floated off, like a vision of light—

The song and the dance went on.

I turned away from that princely hall,

The lesson was taught me there,

That the heart oft swells with a bursting grief,

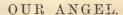
When the lip a smile doth wear.

TO THE STARS.

Soft lights that gem you cloudless sky,
Blest with the glorious power
To chain the soaring soul on high,
At evening's solemn hour;
To break the strange, mysterious spell,
That darkly binds us here,
And lift the burden of our dreams,
Up to the shining sphere;
Ye fan the native fires of thought
Unto one brilliant flame,
And teach the adoring heart to praise
The mighty Maker's name.

Oh, when at eve, my lifted eyes
Drink in the starry light,
Wild longings in my soul arise—
Dreams beautiful and bright!
I hear the swelling hymn of old,
When shouts of glory rang,
When angels hailed Creation's morn,
And ye together sang.
A hush comes o'er me, and I kneel
Upon the dewy sod,
And pour my heart's deep worship out,
In voiceless prayer, to God.

Held in a rapt and breathless trance,
Before the eternal throne,
I strive to teach my stam'ring lip
One strong and mighty tone!
The power to breathe the "words that burn,"
Hath never yet been mine;
And though, at times, my soul hath caught
A ray of light divine,
From proud Expression's peerless star,
Yet soon the spell is o'er,
Deep thought retires within itself,
And finds a voice no more.



We called her Angel, for the light
That shone in her soft eyes
Had something in its hue of Heaven—
The sweet look of the skies;
And ever on her gentle lips
There played a quiet smile,
As if some thought of holiness
Were in her heart the while.

Our world, with all its loveliness,

Hath many mournful things,

And when our Angel noticed this

She plumed her viewless wings;

There came a spell upon her soul,

A shadow on her face,

And oftener we saw her kneel

Before the throne of grace.

She watched the moving of the cloud
That broods above our land,
She saw the severed household chain,
The broken household band;
She saw the great and gifted bow
Low at the tempter's shrine—
The glory of the god-like mind
Quenched in the sparkling wine.

To him who won her early love,

She saw the pale wife cling,
She saw him spurn the broken heart,
A crushed and bleeding thing;
And then our Angel's brow grew pale,
Her bounding step grew slow,
Her voice, of melting melody,
Grew very soft and low.

Her eyes—those deep and wondrous eyes—Grew eloquent with tears,
We watched her jealously the while,
And strove to hush our fears;
But when we asked her why her voice
Had lost its olden song,
Our Angel, meekly smiling, said,
"I may not tarry long."

We tried to win her from the skies—
We searched the woodland bowers,
And threaded wild, untrodden paths,
To bring, for her, the flowers;
We garlanded the holy things,
And bound them on her brow,
And softly said, within our hearts,
"She'll fold her pinions now."

But fainter grew her quiet smile, And feebler grew her tone,



And holier, in its loveliness,

The light that round her shone.
One day, she folded her thin hands,
And closed her weary eyes,
And then our Angel fell asleep,
And woke in Paradise.

EARTH'S TRIUMPH HOURS.

A VALEDICTORY POEM.

Earth hath for all her triumph hours,
Some radiant with joy and light,
When brows are garlanded with flowers,
And gay, glad smiles are beaming bright,
And some known by the kindling eye,
The changing cheek's o'ermantling glow,
The bound of pulses beating high,
The life-tide's quick, tumultuous flow.

They bless the lowly and the great—
They come where hearts, in meekness, bow,
Where proud forms sit in regal state,
And jewel'd splendors grace the brow;
The little child, the strong, brave man,
The mighty monarch on his throne,
The warrior in the army's van,
Each hath some hour of triumph known.

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When the first fall of tiny feet

Makes music on the cottage floor,

And young lips breathe, in lispings sweet,

The words they ne'er have said before,

The dawning of a glad surprise,

The sudden glow of conscious power,

Lights up the large and wondrous eyes,

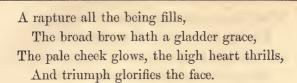
And marks the baby's triumph hour.

In the first flush of early youth,

When life with rainbow-dreams is fraught,
And childhood's bold and fearless truth
Is blent with manhood's earnest thought;
The grasping of some high desire,
The reaching of some lofty goal,
Kindles to life the electric fire
That glows within the daring soul.

The man of bearing high and proud,
Whose voice, one wave of minstrelsy,
Sweeps forth, until the breathless crowd
Sways like the vast and surging sea,
Feels, in his heart, the rising flame,
The power the restless throng to bind,
And flushing cheek and brow proclaim
The triumph of a master-mind.

When Genius, to her favored child,
Some rich, exulting strain hath taught,
And Poesy breathes, in numbers wild,
The language of the burning thought,



The warrior from the field of strife,

To whom the mighty nations bow,

Feels, in his veins, the tide of life

Course with a fuller, faster flow,

When mingle song and echoing shout,

With silver strains and chime of bells,

And glad triumphant peals ring out,

And music on the clear air swells.

Loud peans to the skies ascend,

Till wakes again the broad, blue dome,
Bright banners wave, young voices blend,
And millions greet the hero home;
Aye, brave hearts leap and pulses thrill

When song and shout ring on the breeze;
Yet there are conquests higher still,
And prouder triumph-hours than these!

When trusting woman, cursed and spurned,
Her heart a crushed and bleeding thing,
In her sweet faith, hath meekly turned
And borne it all unmurmuring;
When she hath taught her soul to bow,
And gently hushed the rising sigh,
A glory gilds the patient brow,
And triumph lights her earnest eye.

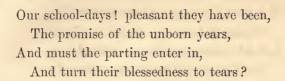
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When the stern man hath breasted long
The waves of Passion's troubled sea,
Gained o'er his spirit proud and strong,
The pure and perfect mastery;
The thrill of that mysterious power
Gives to his heart a fuller swell,
The glory of his triumph hour,
Not all may know and none may tell.

And thus they come, earth's triumph-hours,
Some that in trumpet-tones have rung,
Some garlanded with laurel-flowers,
And some unheralded, unsung!
Perchance our hearts have felt to-night,
The circling life-tide's faster flow,
As standing on the classic hight,
We view the meadow-lands below.

Those meadow lands! ah, they are fair,
Watered by Learning's crystal rills,
Waved by the pure untainted air,
Wafted in freshness from her hills!
Beyond the broad and billowy green,
The Alpine hights of Science tower,
The student's goal, the sunrise scene
Of many a glorious triumph-hour.

Classmates, we pause, and ere we press
Our feet upon the viewless shore,
We give a thought of tenderness
To all that was—and is, no more!



'T is here together we have knelt,
Glad worshippers at Wisdom's shrine,
Our souls have thrilled as we have felt
The clasping of her hand divine;
The lightning-thought, a chainless thing,
Throned in a waveless sea of light,
Would higher lift its eagle wing,
And scale the mountain's proudest hight.

Aye, there are gushing founts unsealed,
For which our panting spirits thirst,
And fuller splendors unrevealed
Shall on the dazzled vision burst!
Oh, in this hour of tenderness,
We feel the wave of viewless wings,
And inner voices bid us press
To higher, nobler, purer things!

Sisters, whose voices' gentle swell

Hath blended sweetly with our own,
And brother, now the fond farewell,

We breathe, with hushed and sadden'd tone,
And o'er our heart there comes a wave
Of mournful music, deep and strong,
As if some trembling lute-string gave
The burden of its silver song.

'T is here together we have bowed,
Meekly, to learn the Master's will,
And felt, beneath the sacred cloud,
The hushing of the "Peace, be still!"
Oh, in the future storms unseen,
May not the same voice calm the strife,
And lend us, in its light serene,
The sunshine of our girlhood life?

It may be ours, with words of love,

To win the wanderer from his ways,

Teach the bowed soul to look above,

The lips of cursing, songs of praise;

It may be ours, with fainting feet,

The weary walks of earth to tread,

Cold words and chilling frowns to meet,

Where once the light of love was shed,

Let us go forth with cheerful hearts,
With yearnings for the pure and true,
To act, in earnestness, our parts,
To do with might whate'er we do;
And though we suffer, strength divine
Shall gird the sinking soul with power,
And angel fingers garlands twine,
To grace the martyr's triumph-hour.

Our Teachers! how the full heart glows!

Warm, gushing thoughts upon us press,

We may not break the pure repose,

The holy hush of thankfulness;

The unsealed waters rise and swell,

Their depth the lip may ne'er reveal;

For words grow weak and may not tell,

How much a grateful heart may feel.

It hath been yours to lead us up
The winding ways of Wisdom's mount,
Lift to our lips the cooling cup,
Fresh from the pure and crystal fount:
It hath been yours to sweep the lyre,
To hold the wondrous master-key,
That woke to life the high desire,
And tuned the mind to minstrelsy.

Oh, not in vain hath been the care,

The watchful love, the earnestness,
The wrestling soul, the fervent prayer,
That God our early ways would bless;
The seed your cheerful hands have sown,
Shall quicken in the grateful soil,
And the rich harvest, golden grown,
Shall witness of your earnest toil!

The guiding words that softly fell,
Waking the soul's unconscious powers,
With mingled melody shall swell
The glory of your triumph-hours!
Aye, these shall make your lives sublime,
And when the burning stars grow dim,
The music of their vesper-chime
Shall blend with the eternal hymn.

We pause—a hush comes o'er the soul,
And bows it in an hour like this,
When the heart's beating seems to toll
The death-knell of the parted bliss;
The secret fount within is stirr'd,
Higher the gushing waters swell,
The lip may breathe one only word,
Strangers and loved ones, all, FAREWELL!

THE DEAD CHILD.

Veil away the summer gladness,
Shut the sunlight from the room,
Meet is now the wail of sadness,
Meet the still and voiceless gloom,
Hearts are aching,
Bleeding, breaking,
In the shadow of the tomb,

Many a flower of beauty scattered
Hath the household garland known,
Many an idol rudely shattered,
Jewels missing where they shone,
Stars benighted,
Yet relighted,
Shining in the Saviour's crown.

Fold the snowy robes around him,

Deck him for his narrow bed,

'T is a wakeless sleep hath bound him;

Well we know the child is dead!

Weep, O Mother!

For another

Birdling from thy bosom fled.

Glancing o'er the green earth's brightness,
With a step all gay and fleet,
Oh, there was a mystic lightness,
Merry, musical and sweet,
In the sounding
Of the bounding
Of the little twinkling feet!

Gently smooth the silken tresses
As in sunny days before,
Vain are all thy fond caresses,
He may heed them nevermore—
Yet we could not,
Oh, we would not
Lure him from the spirit-shore.

There will come to thee the brightness
Of the lost and vanish'd one,
And thine ear will catch the lightness
Of his soft and silvery tone,
In the morning,
In the evening,
In the night and at the noon.

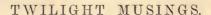
On the brow so meek and holy,
We the last fond kiss have prest;
With a mournful step and slowly,
Lay the beautiful to rest!
Death, the reaper,
Folds the sleeper
Tightly to his iey breast.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

In the rich drapery of a sunset sky,

In the soft shadows of the twilight hour,
In the still starlight falling from on high,
In the faint quiver of a moonlit shower;
In the deep crimson of the rose's heart,
In the pure whiteness of the lily's bell,
Where bright waves gleam and glancing sunbeams
dart,
The spirit of the Beautiful doth dwell!

In the light step, the form of floating grace,
In the warm sunshine of a pleasant smile,
In the glad love-light of a cheerful face,
The soul untainted by the breath of guile;
In the pure heart, where one resistless flood,
The holy waters of affection swell,
In all things high and glorious and good,
The spirit of the Beautiful doth dwell!



Hail, holy hour! methinks that Paradise Hath lent a veil to shade thy mellow skies, So calmly fades each gorgeous sunset hue, And melts serenely in the tranquil blue, So soft and shadowy is the pensive light That marks the bridal of the day and night.

How sweet the dawning of this solemn hour O'er every thought it sheds a soothing power, Refines the being—elevates the soul, And binds each passion with a calm control; While contemplation lifts her brow on high, And paints the glories of a fairer sky.

Mount! mount, my soul! thou restless spirit, soar,
And fold thy pinions on that viewless shore,
Far, far beyond the proudest hights of time,
Oh, lift thy longings to that holy clime,
Where light resplendent gilds eternal day,
And peaceful seasons never pass away!

Why droops thy wing! why tires thy lofty flight? Canst thou not pierce Eternity's own light? Immortal life, that glorious gift is thine—
The gift to fathom mysteries divine.
Then break the chain that fain would bind thee here, And plume thy pinions for a cloudless sphere.

Pause, burning Thought! dost think to scale the cloud That wraps the heavens in a mystic shroud? Thine eye must dim, thy wing must powerless droop, To weaker things thy daring flight must stoop; Firm are the links of earth's unyielding chain, Back to my heart! thy longings all are vain!

Soul, dost thou spurn the feeble things of earth? Wouldst seek the home that gave thy yearnings birth? Wouldst soar above the cold and senseless clod, And bow, with angels, at the throne of God? One holy power can waft thee sweetly there—Devotion's breath—the wing of fervent prayer!

THE DIVORCED WIFE.

Thou wilt forget me when dark eyes
Are flashing proudly on thy sight,
When fair forms bend around thy path,
And radiant smiles are beaming bright;
Thou wilt forget me when soft tones
Are breathing music on thine ear,
For ah! no voice may dare to speak
The name that once to thee was dear!

Thou wilt forget me when the world

To thee its willing homage pays,

When fair hands strew thy path with flowers,

And fond lips proudly speak thy praise;

For once I saw thee when thy brow
Was circled by the wreath of fame,
When triumph wing'd the golden hours,
And syren voices breathed thy name.

I saw thee, and thine eyes met mine—
How coldly fell their gaze on me!
And thou didst smile—a strange, proud smile—
As if to mock my agony!
In vain I strove to veil my woe,
And teach my lip a smile to wear,
Alas! my aching brow would pale,
My heart grow faint when thou wert near!

Thou wilt forget that once my soul
Drank in the music of thy voice,
That once each thrilling tone of thine
Could make this throbbing heart rejoice;
And thou wilt choose a fairer one,
To tread with thee the walks of life,
Yet in the holy sight of Heaven,
I only am thy wedded wife!

Thou wilt forget that once thy lips

Were prest unto this burning brow—

That thou didst clasp my hand in thine,

And speak the solemn marriage-vow;

Thou wilt forget it, but the God

That sealed that vow will ne'er forget;

The golden chain of wedded love,

With Him, is firm and binding yet.

And dost thou think, with other men,
The tie that bound our hearts is riven?
Dost think those sacred, solemn words,
Are nothing in the sight of Heaven?
By all the love I bear thee now,
By all the love that blest me then,
I still am thine and thou art mine,
Though strangers in the eyes of men!

Oh, could I steel my bleeding heart
To every tender thought of thee,
And ne'er betray, by word or sign,
Its deep and bitter agony!
Oh, could I mingle with the crowd,
With mien so gay that none might know
How dark a spell had bound my soul,
How wild the night of hopeless woe!

Oh, could I but forget the past,
With the fair scenes that Faney wove,
Forget the hopes all blighted now,
And all the holy dream of love!
But no! my husband, sooner far,
Will yonder stars forget to shine,
Than this fond heart forget its love,
Or cease to mourn the loss of thine!

Forget thee? no, 't were all in vain!

Though faithless, still, I chide thee not;

The peaceful hour may never come,

When thy loved name will be forgot!

In the calm night when all is still,
And in the silent hour of prayer,
Ah! turn me wheresoe'er I will,
Thy worshipped image still is there!

THE DEAD MOTHER.

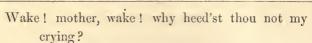
WAKE! mother, wake! the rosy morn is breaking, The silver stars have shut their twinkling eyes, The summer day, in glory, now is waking, This is the hour that thou wert wont to rise.

Wake! mother, wake! the birds are sweetly singing,
The flowers are sparkling in the dewy light,
The village bell a merry peal is ringing,
And all around is beautiful and bright.

Wake! mother, wake! long, long hath been thy sleeping,

Since the fair twilight threw its shadows 'round, The golden sunbeams, through the curtains, peeping, Would wake a sleep less strange, or less profound.

Wake! mother, wake! I miss thy kindly greeting,
Thy calm, cold look, ah! how it makes me weep!
Thy heart is still, I feel no more its beating,
And something tells me thou wilt ever sleep!



But yester-eve those white lips on me smiled, Now on thy breast my weary head is lying, Kind mother, wake, and bless thy weeping child!

Wake! mother, wake! whilst thou art sweetly dreaming,

I lay my hand upon thy peaceful brow,
'T is icy cold! the sunlight, on it streaming,
Hath not the power to warm its paleness now.

Wake! mother, wake! for I am weary calling,
A chilling weight is resting on my heart,
On thy pale cheek my tears are fastly falling,
And strange, sad thoughts their shadows round me
dart.

Speak! mother, speak! my arms are round thee twining,

Dost thou not feel my warm cheek close to thine? What means this sudden splendor round thee shining, I ne'er beheld a glory so divine!

Sleep! mother, sleep! the sunlight now is lying In many a warm, soft shadow, on the floor; The stars have set, and the pale moon is dying, Alas! sweet mother, thou wilt wake no more!

CHILD OF SUNSHINE.

CHILD of sunshine, joy to thee, With thy laughter wild and free! With thy curling, elfin hair Floating round thy forehead fair, With thy fleet and airy tread, Lips of coral, full and red, With a cheek whose bloom might vie With the rose-heart's crimson dye, Winning by thy playful wiles, Fond caresses, tender smiles, What a world of gladness lies Deep within thy violet eyes! Now thy merry voice is heard, Joyous as a singing bird, Now thy fairy form is seen Bounding o'er the meadows green, Glancing, like a thing of light, Through the clover, red and white, Up the hill and down the dell, Graceful as a wild gazelle, By the placid river's side, Where the pleasant waters glide, Through the long, bright, golden hours, Like a sunbeam 'mid the flowers, Busy with thy guileless play, All the live-long summer-day

Not a cloud or shadow knows, From its dawning to its close! Dimples make their dwelling-place In the heart-light of thy face, Angels in thy bosom rest, Child of sunshine, thou art blest!

GLEANINGS FROM THE HOURS.

As shining links in life's mysterious chain,
As soft notes swelling to a thrilling strain,
As bright waves flashing to the viewless shore,
Where dwell the loved, the lost, the gone before,
As the low voice of things that never die
Bearing a record to the throne on high,
As clasps that bind the present with the past,
As golden fragments from forever cast,
As threads of which our destiny is wove,
As priceless jewels lent us from above,
As garlands scattered from eternal bowers,
Such, unto us, are life's immortal hours.

Immortal? aye, swiftly they come and go,
Yet seal our destiny, for weal or woe,
As springs the harvest from the seed we sow,
As swells the river from the streams that flow,
And though, perchance, we fondly, vainly dream,
The golden hours are fleeting as they seem,
The dawn, the shine, the fading of a beam,



Yet they are solemn—solemn, since they swell The ranks of Heaven or the hosts of Hell, And deathless, since each mighty moment bears, Some mark that tells on the eternal years.

There is an hour—the last, this side the tomb,
An hour so fearful with the weight of doom,
So veiled in glory, or so wrapt in gloom,
With the full splendor from above so bright,
The new-born rapture bursting on the sight
Or with a dark, undying woe so deep,
The woe that breaks the dreamer's fatal sleep,
The night that shrouds the soul's eternal all,
And gathers round it as a fearful pall,
As come the shadows ere the tempests fall,
An hour with all that never dies so fraught
The soul will bow beneath its crushing thought.

Come to the bedside of the dying one
Who ne'er hath sought the Father's holy Son,
Whose hours have borne a record to the skies,
That seals, for her, the death that never dies!
'T is a proud mansion in a sunny land,
By bright waves kissed, and spicy breezes fanned;
A land of beauty where through all the day,
From gushing fountains leap the silvery spray,
A land of sunshine and of gladness, where
Steals a sweet fragrance to the dreamy air,
From scented groves and waving orange-bowers,
Where bright birds glance amid the tropic flowers,

And glittering insects dip their dazzling dyes, In the clear azure of the mellow skies.

'T is a proud mansion—softly through the halls The shaded light, in dreamy splendor, falls, Mirrors are flashing from the stately walls, Roses are smiling, 'neath the dainty tread, From crimson carpets blushing into red, Odors are floating through the gorgeous rooms From jewel'd censers breathing sweet perfumes, And the low sound of fountains, in their play, Breathes on the ear a faint and lulling lay. Yet there is gloom within that high home now, She of the stately mien and haughty brow At whose proud feet the vassal'd millions bow, She who hath scorned the lowly things of earth And madly reveled in the halls of mirth, She who hath danced the golden hours away, As if her life were but one gala-day, The brightest star of all the dazzling erowd, The peerless one, the beautiful, the proud, Hath laid her high and lofty bearing by, And, in her helplessness, laid down to die!

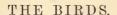
'T is the last hour! what recks her splendor now! The jewels flashing on her queenly brow,
The royal emblems of unrivaled power,
Oh, what are these in this, a dying hour!
She heeds them not—the dream of life is o'cr,
Her feet are pressing to the unseen shore,

No angel breathings from the land of rest,
Sink softly down into her troubled breast,
No peaceful ray, no light is in her soul,
No cloudless vision of a heavenly goal,
No morning star dawns in its light serene,
And throws a halo o'er the rayless scene,
Cold on her heart there lies a crushing weight,
She wakes at last, but wakes, alas! too late!
A sudden horror lights the glaring eye,
From the white lips wails out the piercing cry,
"Spare me, O God! I cannot, cannot die."
"T is all in vain! the race of life is run,
Her hours are lost—her deathless soul undone!

Come to the bedside of the dying one Who waits to hear the Master's sweet well-done, Whose hours have borne a record to the skies, That seals, for her, the life that never dies! 'T is the last hour! what is it breaks the gloom And gives a glory to the voiceless tomb? A joy so deep that e'en the lowly room, Seems like a heaven! ah, Heaven itself is near, Nor trembling doubt, nor sinking hope, nor fear, Cloud the rapt vision of the trusting soul, As dawns the glory of the glittering goal. Jesus is with her—with her since she trod The paths of life, in meekness, with her God, The risen Saviour guides her willing feet Through the dark vale where earth and Heaven meet!

A sudden splendor lights the dimming eye, The low, sweet echo of the parting sigh, Floats softly up beyond the starry sky, "'T is sweet to live, yet glorious to die!" Come gentle Death! the work of life is done, The crown is hers, the victory is won!

O, solemn Time! we may not fathom thee Since through a glass we dimly, darkly see, We may not read thy deep, unwritten lines, Thy clear revealing of the Spirit's shrines Veiled save to God-we may not see the light That dawns upon thee in thy silent flight, The still, clear radiance from the world afar, That gives to Him thy pages as they are-'T is ours to work—to work while yet the day Hath known no night—'t is ours to trust and pray, To seize the moments ere they glide away, To live in earnest, ere the future be, And Death reveals life's solemn mystery. So shall the hours be beautiful and blest, The peaceful dawnings of an endless rest; The golden lamps our virgin hands shall trim, Our life the prelude to Forever's hymn, Our living hours the gleams of glory given, The dying hour an entrance into Heaven!



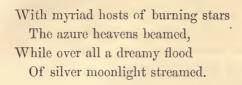
They come! they come! a beautiful band
From the dreamy shades of the southern land,
They come, we know by the merry trill
That softly floats o'er the distant hill,
By the warble wild in the woodlands dim,
Like the swelling voice of a thrilling hymn,
A silver song and a floating strain—
The birds! the birds! they are here again!

They come with the gush of the rippling rills,
When the grass grows green on the pleasant hills,
When the founts are loos'd, and the old earth rings
With the tinkling chime of a thousand springs—
They come with the sound of the rustling trees,
And the balmy breath of the scented breeze,
A wild, sweet song and a gushing strain—
The birds! the birds! they are here again!

THE ORIGIN OF THE DEW-DROP.

The king of day in royal robes
Of gold and purple drest,
Had drawn his crimson curtains round,
And softly sunk to rest:
The splendor of his dying tints
Had faded from the earth,
The twilight's deep'ning gloom had hushed
The voice of careless mirth,
And all around was bathed in hues
So calm and strangely fair,
That Nature seemed to praise her God
In still and voiceless prayer.

The hours past on—the holy eve
Had lent its softest shade,
When lo! upon the tranquil sky
One silver star was laid.
An angel bright and beautiful,
With form divinely fair,
Had winged his flight from Paradise
And gently laid it there,
And then a thousand glowing lamps
He lit with splendor bright,
A thousand golden jewels hung
High on the brow of night;



The angel paused—his mission high,
His holy work was done,
The moonbeams lent their purest tints,
The stars resplendent shone;
A cloud of glory seemed to rest
O'er earth and heaven fair,
Blest as the light that shone of old,
On Eden's sinless pair.
From the rapt seraph's kindling eye,
One silent tear-drop fell,
That in a world so beautiful,
The shades of sin should dwell,
That proud, ungrateful, fallen man
Should 'gainst his God rebel!

Low down upon the velvet earth,
A lovely flower reposed,
Its snowy bell was folded up,
Its starry eye was closed,
When lo! a zephyr, passing by,
Its spotless leaves carest,
And kiss'd away the thrilling sweets
Within its peaceful breast.
When downward through the trackless air,
The angel tear-drop fell,

It gently laid its pearly tints,
Within the floweret's bell,
And when the sunshine bathed the hills
In floods of rosy light,
It softly shone and sparkled there,
A thing divinely bright.
A gladder beauty seemed to gild
The broad and peaceful earth,
And Nature blessed the holy night
That gave the Dew-drop birth!

PICTURES.

They come to us, the beautiful, the bright,

The pleasant pictures of the olden time,

Unfolding sweetly to the heart to-night,

'Mid music's strains and voices' silvery chime;

They come to us unfading in the glow,

That throws a halo o'er the vanish'd year,

That gilds each joy and glorifies each woe,

That paints the smile and shadows not the tear;

They come to us, the pictures of the past,

Bathed in the sunshine of the memory-light,

Each blessed vision brighter than the last,

Dawning in beauty on the raptured sight,

Until the heart hath crowned the by-gone years,

With all of sunshine and with nought of tears.

The veil is lifted from the future now,

Its scenes made known, its visions bright unsealed,

Its pictures hung in Fancy's brilliant glow,
By the full splendor of her torch revealed,
They come to us, the radiant, the fair,
Painted in hues that dazzle as they shine,
Each tint that glows, each form unfolded there,
Is treasured deep within the Spirit's shrine;
They come to us, the glowing pictures traced,
In the pure brightness of eternal dews,
Each gorgeous scene unblemished, uneffaced,
Giving the soul the gladness of its hues,
Until the heart hath crowned the unborn years,
With all of sunshine and with nought of tears.

Call them not voiceless though they breathe no word,
Though lips are mute and the fair form is still,
They have a language, by the spirit heard—
A silent speech that to the soul doth thrill;
Call them not voiceless, pictures though they are,
Perchance they breathe some long forgotten name,
Light softly up some dimly setting star,
And fan the spark unto a brilliant flame;
The bright creation glowing there, may give
A deeper purpose to the pure desire,
A nobler aim for which to love and live,
A holier luster to the sacred fire,
And the meek soul, by e'en a picture taught,
May find a glory in the pencil'd thought.

There is a picture, glorious and bright,
A vision painted by an unseen hand,
The pencil dipped in floods of living light,
Unfolds the splendor of the viewless land.
The Christian wears the shadow of the scene
Framed in the sunshine of his trusting soul,
Throned in the beauty of the light screne,
The still, clear radiance of the shining goal;
The scene is Heaven, with all its wondrous charms,
The Soul the canvas, and the artist, Faith,
A new-born rapture all the being warms,
When floating down the silent tide of Death
Each soft tint dies, thus dimly, faintly given,
And melts away into the light of Heaven.

ANGEL CHARLIE.

HE sleeps—"our little Charlie" sleeps—
We know the babe is blest,
Cradled so soft and tenderly,
On the dear Saviour's breast;
Why should our eyes with tears be dim,
Our darling is not dead,
We know that all is well with him,
Let us be comforted!

'T was Jesus led the precious child, Out of this world of sin, The golden gates of bliss swung back
To let our Angel in;
Look up, ye bleeding parent-hearts,
Who mourn the sweet tie riven,
And feel how blessed 't is to have
A little boy in Heaven.

SONG TO A BIRD.

Where is thy home, sweet bird?
Is it far away in a distant land,
Where the blue waves flash on the ocean's strand?
In the gorgeous heart of the South Sea Isle,
'Neath a sky as soft as an infant's smile,
Does thy wild song float through the spicy bowers,
And thy bright wings glance'mid the orange flowers?

Whence comes thy song, sweet bird?
Hast thou soared away in the deep, blue sky,
Till thy quick ear thrilled to the chorus high,
Of the far-off song of the angel-choir?
Did it fill thy soul with the music-fire,
That lives and breathes in thy gushing strain,
With a charm to hush and a spell to chain?

Whence comes the hue, bright bird Of the light that gleams where thy pinions dart, Like the tint that glows in the rose's heart? In thy giddy course, o'er the mountain's hight, Didst thou bathe thy wing in the dewy light Of the purple cloud of the early day, As it floated off on its morning way?

Farewell, farewell, sweet bird!
Thou hast fixed thine eye on the blazing light,
And thy wing is spread for a lofty flight,
Thou art free, thou art free, as the boundless air,
And no wailing note doth thy glad song bear,
Like the dying gleam of a setting star,
Thou art gone! thou art lost in the blue afar!
My song is all unheard!

TO-DAY.

The that binds the past and future,
Wonderful with destiny,
Linking all that ever has been
To what may hereafter be;
Wave from out a viewless ocean,
Dashing on the shores of time,
Every hour the far-off echo
Of the swelling surge sublime;
Ray of God's eternal being,
Shining down upon our way,
Who may tell the mighty meaning
Of the little word, to-day!

Comprehending all the present,
All the real life we live,
Speech is voiceless to define it,
Words may ne'er its language give;
Speak it soft, or speak it solemn,
Speak it often as we may,
We may never tell the meaning
Of the mystical to-day.

In the great world's ceaseless stirring,
In the jarring din and strife,
Shall we call to-day a trifle?
Is it not our all of life?
Aye, we may not look beyond it,
Yesterday we know is past,
We may never see to-morrow,
This to-day may be our last!
Only time for earnest action,
Only time to watch and pray,
Endless joy or endless wailing,
Hang upon the vast to-day.

Every deed to-day shall witness,
Every lowly deed of love,
Borne by God's recording angel,
To the burning Throne above;
Every word the lip shall utter
Be it ill or be it well,
Solemnly or lightly spoken,
On the endless years shall tell.

Let us seize each priceless moment,
Let us work and watch and pray,
Knowing that we meet hereafter,
Every thing we do to-day!
Then the veil shall be uplifted
From the vision, faint and dim,
And the song of time shall mingle
With the grand eternal hymn;
Yea, our life shall be an anthem
Swelling up the shining way,
And Eternity the finalé
Of the glorious to-day.

BEAUTIFUL TO DIE.

"O Death, where is thy sting?"—BIBLE.

Ir must be beautiful to die

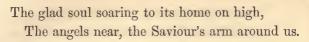
To the soft echo of the angels' singing,

When seraph-strains are stealing from the sky,

And the new song upon the ear is ringing.

It must be beautiful to die,
Stepping, unshrinking, in the silent river,
By the clear light of faith's discerning eye,
Looking beyond, unto the great Forever.

It must be beautiful to die,
Sweetly released from all that ever bound us,



It must be glorious to die,
Since Death is but a mournful fetter riven,
The opening of the portals of the sky,
The gate of bliss, the master-key of Heaven!

LINES TO AN INVALID SISTER.

Sweet sister, thou wert beautiful,
Ere suffering had paled thy brow,
Ere thy young heart had known the spell
Of weariness that binds it now;
There was a sunshine in thy smile,
A bright and nameless witchery,
That played upon our hearts the while,
And woke a deeper love for thee.

And yet more beautiful than this,
And holier than thine early bloom,
The charm that thy sweet gentleness,
Hath thrown around our peaceful home;
The calm, bright radiance on thy face,
Breathes of the soul's tranquillity,
The blessedness of that meek grace,
That maketh anguish dear to thee.

From the fond dreams of other days, Comes there, unbidden, no soft strain? No spell from sunny memories,

That lures thee to the world again?

Nay, by the light on thy pale brow,

The eloquence of thy soft eyes,

Thy low, sweet words of love, we know

Thy way is tending to the skies.

Meekly, my sister, thou dost drink
The cup thy Father's hand prepares,
Thy patient spirit cannot shrink
From all the weariness it bears,
Since Jesus marks the thorny road,
And gently paves the way for thee,
The way that leads to Heaven and God,
To light and immortality.

SILENT CITIES.

There is a grandeur in the mournful gloom,

That broods above the cities of the dead,

An awe that steals its shadow from the tomb,

While o'er the place of perished pride we tread;

To the bowed heart there comes a crushing weight,

A quiet awfulness profoundly deep,

When the lone soul hath marked the hand of fate,

And traced the graves where buried cities sleep.

The tall, damp grass luxuriantly grows

Where once was reared the monumental pile,
O'er the sad spot the wild wind moaning blows,
The sunlight quivers with a sickly smile;
No echo wakes the voiceless solitudes,
No star lights up the deep, unbroken gloom,
But, over all, stern Desolation broods,
The king of ruin, monarch of the tomb!

There comes no voice from crumbling arch or stone,

To tell the splendor of the storied past,

No lofty strain from mouldering ruin lone,

To breathe how grand, how glorious, how vast,

Was the great city in her day of pride,

When pomp unrivaled o'er her arches rolled,

Ere plunged beneath the desolating tide,

Her proud soul bowed, her mighty heart grew cold.

There steals no tender tone from ivied walls,

No voice from out the mournful hush to tell,

How regal homes and gorgeous palace halls,

Together in one common ruin fell;

No outward sign, no vestige dim, no trace

Unfolds the scene of power and grandeur fled,

Nor arch, nor stone, nor ruin, marks the place,

Where sleep the fated cities of the dead.

Silence is here, and yet the soul hath caught,
From its mute eloquence an echo deep,
That bows the heart, unseals the fount of thought,
Reveals the spot where they, the fallen, sleep,

And by the hush that o'er the being steals,

The solemn spell unbroken, deep, profound,
The mystic awe the breathless spirit feels,

We know we tread on consecrated ground!

Aye, consecrated, since the long grass waves,
Where high homes towered, and hearts once proudly
beat,

Springs greenly up from unremembered graves,
And softly bends beneath the pilgrim's feet;
And consecrated, since the wanderer's tread,
Is o'er the grave of princely pomp and pride,
And the still air breathes of the mighty dead,
The great of earth who here have lived and died!

'T was here, of old, the circling tides of life,
The giddy whirl, the wild, tumultuous flow,
Together mingled in a ceaseless strife,
And busy forms were hurrying to and fro;
'T was here the sound of revelry was heard,
And music's strains stole on the clear still night,
And young hearts thrilled, and magic hopes were
stirr'd,

As fair forms floated in the wildering light.

'T was here they moved, the radiant, the fair,
With eyes of light and forms of airy grace,
'T was here the maiden decked her shining hair,
And wooed the sunshine to her speaking face;
Here, the white wreath she bound upon her brow,
With trembling hand and heart of swelling pride,

And the glad voice grew musical and low,
As fell the words that made the girl a bride.

'T was here, perchance, the royal mother sung
At hush of eve, her low, sweet lullaby,
In the rich cadence of her native tongue,
Till drooped the lash above the clear blue eye;
Fond dreams she held within her spirit, then,
How to her boy the great of earth should bow,
His voice should sway the hearts of strong, brave men,
The regal crown should press the fair, broad brow!

Here the bold youth, with proud heart beating high,
Went forth to win the laurel-wreath of fame,
And deeper shone the light within his eye,
As honor came and glory crowned his name.
On the clear air, so still and solemn now,
Rose the loud peal, the full, triumphant strain,
As rosy garlands graced the conqueror's brow,
And showered the glittering pageant of his train.

Aye, here glad hearts and bounding pulses thrill'd,
And beat to joyous, busy, changing life,
Ere the doomed city's million-tones were still'd,
Ere drooped the cloud that hushed the giddy strife.
Yet they are gone, the glorious, the gay—
There comes no sound from out the deep'ning gloom,
To the low moan, the mournful, "where are they?"
No answering voice is echoed from the tomb.

Sleep on, ye cities of the voiceless dead!

Mighty ye were, but ye are fallen now—
The pilgrim turns away with reverent tread,
And the hushed heart beats tremulous and slow;
A holy awe sinks deep into his soul,
He marks the fate of earthly pomp and pride,
And lifts his longings to the shining goal,
Beyond the river's still and waveless tide,
Where the fair city of eternal rest,
Whose golden streets are by the angels trod,
Rises in glory, radiant and blest,
And everlasting as the years of God!

LINES TO J * * * *.

Another New Year's Day hath come,
And still thy wayward footsteps roam,
Far from thy loved New England home,
And stranger breezes fan thy brow,
And stranger faces meet thee now,
Our Brother!

And yet we feel that thou art near,
When 'mid the gems that sparkle here,
Thy well-known characters appear,
And by the answering thoughts that start,
We know thine is a kindred heart,

Our Brother!

And has the starry glance for thee,
No sunshine and no witchery?
The lute-like voice, no melody?
And moves there not one by thy side,
Whom thou art proud to call thy bride,
Our Brother?

Say, gifted one, hast never met
One face that thou couldst not forget?
Whose memory is with thee yet?
Has Cupid never aimed his dart,
And sent it quivering through thy heart,
Our Brother?

Go, then, and seek some gentle one,
With spirit kindred to thine own,
To cheer thee with her kindly tone,
And with the heart and clasping hand,
We'll welcome to our soul-linked band,
Another!

UNITED.

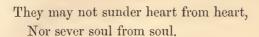
INSCRIBED TO THE ÆSTHETIC SOCIETY.*

UNITED! 't is a holy sound,
A sweet, endearing word,
And hearts will thrill and pulses bound,
Where'er its voice is heard;
It breathes a music low and clear,
A soul-uniting strain,
That links our hearts together here,
As by a silver chain.

United! 't is the magic tie
That binds our sister-throng,
The love that lights the kindling eye,
And tunes the soul to song,
The breathings of that inborn joy,
That stills the heart's unrest,
Spring from the union of the pure,
The beautiful and blest.

United! though the loved shall go,
From out our sister band,
Though kindred hearts shall scatter'd dwell,
Throughout our own fair land,
Though mountains, in their grandeur, rise,
And seas between us roll,

^{*}A literary society connected with Fort Edward Institute.



United! yea, though eyes should dim,
And cheeks of beauty pale,
Though warm young hearts should throb no more,
And bounding steps should fail,
The silken chain may not be loosed,
The holy union riven,
That binds us with the "gone before,"
And draws us nearer Heaven.

Oh, when the raptured soul shall thrill
Unto the angels' song,
When all the glad redeemed of God,
Shall swell the blood-washed throng,
Saviour! to Thee we lift our hearts
In pure and fervent prayer,
That we who are united here,
May be united there!

SEA-FOAM.

We would bring to thee, we would bring to thee,
No thrilling voice from the deep, dark sea,
No murmur low from the sounding deep,
When the winds are hushed and the blue waves sleep,
No treasures bright from the coral caves,
Where the changing shade of the sea-grass waves,
No peerless gems from the mermaid's home,
Would we bring to thee in our pure sea-foam,
'T is the soft spray dashed from the soul's own sea,
We would bring to thee!

We would bring to thee, we would bring to thee,
No swelling psalm from the sounding sea,
No far-off voice of the ocean's roar,
No jewels washed to the pebbled shore;
There are glitt'ring gems more bright than they
In the silver light of our shining spray,
There are soft strains breathed of the joys that sleep,
In the mystic light of the spirit's deep,
There are songs that soothe, there are tones that thrill,
Like the whispered sound of a "Peace, be still;"
For the sparkling foam we would bring to thee,
Is the soft spray tost from the soul's own sea.

OUR BAND.

Father of all, we pray thee bless
Our gifted sister-band,
The kindred hearts that soon will meet
To clasp the parting hand;
Oh, water with the dews of Heaven,
Affection's holy flowers,
And lend the sunshine of thy love
To gild these evening hours.

Is there one sister of our band,
That shuns Thy holy ways,
One soul that's tuneless, and one lip
That's voiceless to Thy praise;
One gifted one that never bows
The knee in holy prayer,
One gentle eye that never sheds
The penitential tear:

One sister-heart that never seeks
The meek, the spotless One,
That glories not to bear the cross
Of Him, Thy lowly Son?
Oh then direct the wanderer's feet
Unto the shining way,
Subdue our erring sister's heart
And teach her how to pray.

Father of all, we pray Thee bless
Our cherished sister-band,
The kindred hearts that soon will meet
To clasp the parting hand.
Help us to win the sacred prize
Gained by a Saviour's love,
And may we all, unsevered, meet
An angel-band above.

"IT IS NOTHING TO ME."

"IT is nothing to me," says the Lady, Resplendent in jewels and gold, As she turns from the little street-beggar, With mien proudly seornful and cold; Poor child! there's a tremulous quiver In thy pleading so mournfully sweet, Is it nothing to her in her splendor, With vassals and slaves at her feet? With the step of a queen, slow and stately, She treadeth her palace-like halls, Mirrors flash from the floor to the ceiling, Rich paintings adorn the proud walls, Roses blush from the crimson and purple Of carpets of fanciful dyes, And the wealth of her beautiful parlors, Would dazzle thine innocent eyesOne mite from her glittering coffers, Sweet child, were a kingdom to thee, Yet alas! as she turns from thy sorrow, She says, "It is nothing to me."

How sad seems the glad summer sunshine, How mournful the blue arching sky, To the heart of the little street-beggar With the tear in her eloquent eye! Away from the mansions of splendor, The homes of the lofty and proud, From the street to the gloom of the hovel, She threads through the pitiless crowd; No glance from the soft eye of woman, Compassionate, tender and mild, No reaching of white, jewel'd fingers, To aid thee, thou famishing child! Look up, little one, faint and weary, The cloud from thy spirit shall fall, There is One who, in mercy, regards thee, The Father and Saviour of all! Thou waif upon life's troubled ocean, Lift upward thy gaze, weak and dim, The haughty may turn from thy sorrow, We know it is something to Him!

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF CHILD-LIFE.

Say not that child-life knows no blight,
The little one no woe,
That music breathes and sunshine lives,
Where'er the children go;
Say not the meek and sinless brow
Hath ne'er a mournful shade,
That little hearts are little heavens,
For little angels made—
Say not the waves of early life
Forever smoothly glide;
Though childhood is a blessed thing,
It hath a shady side.

Little children! earth's evangels!
In our hearts we've called them angels,
Beings of the skies;
We have read the sweet revealing
Of the spirit's hidden feeling,
In its gushing gladness stealing
From the tell-tale eyes;
We have seen their sunny faces
In a thousand pleasant places,
When a cloud of glory bound them,
And a halo floated 'round them,

We have named them our evangels, Blest them as our spirit-angels, Beings of the skies!

Bounding o'er the clover-meadows,
Glancing through the changing shadows
Of the waving green;
Where the flowers like stars are gleaming,
And the summer light is streaming,
Pleasant as a poet's dreaming,
In a golden sheen;
We have seen them in their gladness,
All undimm'd by cloud or sadness,
Darting through the shady masses
Of the long and tangled grasses,
In the sunshine of the meadows,
Glancing through the changing shadows
Of the waving green.

With a sudden gush upspringing,
We have heard their laughter ringing,
Clear and wild and free;
From the spirit's fountain welling,
Of the inner music telling,
Floating, rippling, rising, swelling
In a joyous glee;
There was rapture in its trilling,
Wild and musical and thrilling,
And we said within our spirit,
Child-life! oh, there's heaven near it,

Glory is forever gleaming, Sunshine is forever streaming, Where the children be.

Was it well to say forever?

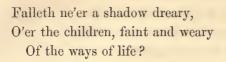
Is the brow of childhood never
Darkened by a shade?

Though the light around it gleameth,
And the flood that soul-ward streameth
In its glow a glory seemeth,
May it never fade?

Is the little life a heaven,
For a living gladness given?

Is the little heart a prison,
For a radiant elysian,
Where the joy-bells chime forever
And the dancing sunshine never
Blendeth with the shade?

Are the children never weary?
Falleth ne'er a shadow dreary
O'er the early life?
In the haunts of sin and sadness,
In the dens of drunken madness,
Veiled to light and hushed to gladness,
In the Babel-strife.
Where the eye of crime is staring,
And the torch of sin is glaring,
Where the wing of Death is stooping,
And the cloud of woe is drooping,



Ah! a sudden cloud comes o'er us,
And a vision steals before us
Of a little child;
Not a merry, elfin creature,
Soul-light sparkling from each feature,
Tiny angel, spirit teacher,
Saint-like, meek and mild;
Not a dainty, little fairy,
With a motion light and airy,
Bounding, springing, gleaming, glancing,
Twinkling feet forever dancing,
Bird-like voice forever singing,
Gushing laugh forever ringing,
Ringing clear and wild!

Ah! there dawns no sunny vision,
Gleam of childhood's blest elysian,
Beautiful and bright,
Mournfully a spirit hushing,
Seals the fount of gladness gushing,
In its voiceless sorrow crushing
Out the summer light;
Here is child-life, holy child-life,
Weary with an olden heart-strife
From the great world's tumult turning,
Ever with a restless yearning,

Little heart in darkness pining, Pining for the blessed shining, Of the pleasant light!

By the tiny hands upraising,
By the earnest, wistful gazing
Upward to the skies,
By the hidden fount's unsealing,
By the tears unbidden stealing,
By the world of mournful feeling
In the lifted eyes—
Well we know the angel dreamings,
Floating fancies, golden gleamings,
Other little hearts have cherished,
From this little heart have perished,
Well we know the sinless spirit,
Seeth not the angels near it,
Bending from the skies.

Child of sorrow, child of sadness,
Banished from the summer gladness,
Children love so well;
Not for thee the silver singing
From the country's bosom springing,
Inner light and rapture bringing,
Not for thee the swell
Of the bird-songs in the meadows,
Warbling through the leafy shadows,
Where the pleasant lands are spreading,
And the rural feet are treading,

Where the purling streams are flowing, And the berries red are growing, Children love so well!

Child-life, with its sunshine shaded,
Music fled, and glory faded,
'T is a mournful thing!
Little hearts forever cheerless,
Never beating free and fearless,
Eyes that never sparkle tearless,
Laughs that never ring;
Little ones with olden sorrows,
Dark to-days and dark to-morrows,
Happy voices never sounding,
Merry footsteps never bounding
Faces wan with sorrow shaded,
All the light of child-life faded,
'T is a mournful thing!

Take the weary children, Father,
When the clouds around them gather,
Let the children rest!
There is sunshine for the saddest,
There is rapture for the gladdest,
Cradled on thy breast,
With the arm of God around them,
Love and light and joy hath crowned them,
Oh, the children! earth's evangels!
Sinless teachers, wingless angels,

Since the spotless One caress'd them, Since the gentle Jesus blest them, Yes, we call them blest!

BABY HELEN.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

Baby Helen, softly rest, Cradled on thy mother's breast, Close thine eyes and sweetly sleep, While the angels vigils keep.

Silken lashes drooping low,
Resting on thy warm cheek's glow,
Pouting rose-bud lips apart,
What a dainty thing thou art!

Dimpled hands together prest, Folded meekly on thy breast, Oh, so softly falls thy breath, We could almost dream it—Death!

Baby, tell us of thy dreams,
Are they faint and shadowy gleams?
Visions of a land more fair?
Seest thou the angels there?

Fondly on thy cherub brow, Lo! thy mother gazes now, Lifts to God the fervent prayer, He may for her darling care.

Little dreamer, free from sin, Shut from out the great world's din, When the death-dew chills thy brow, Mayst thou be as pure as now!

Angels guard thy sinless years, Jesus charm away thy fears, Take thee gently by the hand, Lead thee to the Morning land!

LIFE.

LIFE is not all sunshine, nor all shade,
But hath the touch of each! Man was not made
To sit in idleness in sylvan bowers,
And dream away the glad, enchanted hours;
Nor need he walk in darkness while the light
From the clear heaven is shining full and bright—
But let him work, and lift his heart and pray,
And God's own smile shall glorify his way,
And the deep darkness of a rayless night
Shall flee before the Day-star's living light!

LOVE.

Love is a star—a holy star,

That burns with quenchless light,

That shines when clouds the blackest are,

And gilds the darkest night,

Love is a flower—a gentle flower
Of high and holy birth,
That gives its sweetest fragrance forth
When rudely crushed to earth.

EPIGRAM.

What means that stern and awful step?
That firm, majestic tread?
Methinks on battle plains 't would thrill
Each warrior-heart with dread;
The deep foundations rock and move,
It shakes the lofty hall—
Nearer and clearer, yet more near,
The stately steppings fall—
A merry laugh unfolds the ruse,
'T is fairy feet in high-hecled shoes!

FRIENDSHIP.

Nor in the radiant glance alone,
The beaming smile and silvery tone,
Not in the light of a beautiful face,
The bounding step and the form of grace,
Oh, not in these doth the secret dwell,
The high, the holy and wondrous spell,
That binds the heart to a faithful friend,
When kindred spirits together blend!

The soul that gives to the meekest, grace,
A pleasant look to the homely face,
A holy light to the soft, dark eye,
'T is this that strengthens the sacred tie,
'T is this that speaks in the gushing voice,
'T is this that maketh the heart rejoice,
When kindred spirits together blend,
And we learn to trust in a faithful friend.

SONNET.

SPRING FLOWERS.

OH, things most holy! gracing the young spring,
Gleaming out softly from the dewy grass,
Springing where waves of light and shadow pass,
Dreams of the summer's blessedness ye bring!

Ye breathe of woodlands where the blue-birds sing,
Of the green meadows' rich and verd'rous mass,
Of silver trout within the clear stream's glass,
And the wild haunts where sylvan echoes ring;
Crushed by rude feet, your sweetest odors rise:
Thus would we meekly bow and kiss the rod,
Read, with pure lips, the language of the skies,
The lessons printed on the velvet sod,
Learn of the flowers the sweets of sacrifice,
And give our hearts' best incense unto God!

TO MY FATHER.

The music of the memory-bells
Comes tinkling soft and low,
And rings unto my heart, to-night,
The pleasant "Long Ago;"
The golden years are with me now,
My laugh swells wild and free,
I'm sitting, prouder than a queen,
Upon my father's knee.

Still gleam the by-gones, one by one,
Like stars in quiet skies,
The silent dew of thankfulness
Is gathering in mine eyes;
The thought of all the parent-love,
So full, so deep, so strong,
Subdues and melts my grateful heart,
And moves my soul to song.

My father, thou art still the same,
As in the olden time,
When I was but a tiny girl,
And thou wert in thy prime;
Thou hast been gentle with thy child,
Through all her wayward years,
Thou hast been faithful to her faults,
And tender to her tears.

Nobly, thy strong, brave heart hath borne,
The pain and toil of life,
Undaunted by the cold world's scorn,
Serene in all the strife;
Thine is the high and earnest soul,
The courage calm and bold,
The love that would lay down the life
To guard thy little fold.

Oh nought unto my heart shall be,

The trumpet-tones of fame,

May I but hear my father's lips,

Breathe blessings on my name;

Sweeter than all the words of praise,

That bid my pulse beat high,

The fond, proud light that beams on me,

From out his clear, blue eye.

Father, I bow my girlish head
Unto thy dear earess,
And my full heart goes out to thee,
In gushing thankfulness.
May He, whose love o'ershadows us,
Guide thee as tenderly,
And deal with thee as kindly here,
As thou hast dealt with me.

THE LAW OF MAINE.

Lo! the day at length is dawning,
Hail! O hail! the welcome light!
Long we've waited for the morning,
Long hath been the rayless night;
But the cloud is now withdrawing
From the land we love so well,
And upon the light-wing'd breezes,
Songs of triumph soon shall swell!
Hark! the Temperance trump is sounding,
Loudly swells the welcome strain,
Brothers! sisters! lend your voices—
Hail the noble law of Maine!

Not till Temperance waves her banner
O'er our loved America,
Will we boast our nation's glory,
Will we lift the loud huzza;
No! for hearts have struggled bravely,
With a stern and mighty foe,
And a stronger arm than Briton's,
Binds our country even now.
Hark! the Temperance trump is sounding,
Loudly swells the welcome strain,
Brothers! sisters! lend your voices,
Hail the noble law of Maine!

From the hills of fair New England,
To the broad Pacific's shore,
We will sing the song of triumph,
We will tell the story o'er,
How the Rum King long had fettered,
With a firm and iron hand,
Freedom's proud and boasted country,
Freedom's fair and happy land;
Hark! the Temperance trump is sounding,
Loudly swells the welcome strain,
Brothers! sisters! lend your voices,
Hail the noble law of Maine!

Weeping ones shall weep no longer,
Cheerless homes shall yet rejoice,
Hearts where desolation sitteth,
Yet shall raise a grateful voice
To the Lord of tender mercies,
Who despiseth not the cry,
Lifted by earth's wailing millions,
To the holy throne on high.
Hark! the Temperance trump is sounding,
Loudly swells the stirring strain,
Brothers! sisters! lend your voices,
Hail the noble law of Maine!

ONE GLASS.

"'T is but one glass!" Beware! Beware!

Look not upon the rich red wine,

The demon-chains of rum have bound

Full many a heart as brave as thine;

The brow where genius sat enthroned,

Hath paled beneath the withering blight,

And souls once hopeful as thine own,

Have known a long and starless night.

Beware! thy fancied strength is vain,
Oh, cherish not the wily foe!
For health 't will give thee torturing pain,
For peace and virtue voiceless woe!
Dash from thy lips the fatal draught,
A serpent's folds lie coiled beneath,
'T will wound thee with ten thousand stings
And goad thee on to endless death.

Go to the home where love and hope
Once held their calm and peaceful sway,
Where past the bright unconscious hours,
Glad as a cloudless summer's day—
Hark! fearful sounds steal on the breeze,
Deep, bitter curses rend the air,
By all the horrid strife within,
We know the drunkard dwelleth there!

Go view in yonder reeling form,

The man to whom the great have bowed,

Whose words of burning eloquence,

Once held entranced the wondering crowd;

Mark well the wild and frenzied glance,

The hollow cheek, the glaring eye—

Think'st thou with one convulsive throe,

He laid his noble manhood by?

The lofty seal of thought once stamped
Its lines upon that massive brow,
Young lips were vocal with his praise,
Lips that would proudly seorn him now;
And did the mighty statesman fall,
In one dread moment or one day?
Nay, step by step, and pace by pace,
He came the dark and downward way.

Long years ago he stood with those,
Who bow at Fashion's heartless shrine,
And many a fair, white, jewelled hand,
Held to his lips the sparkling wine;
Dark, radiant orbs on him were bent,
The young, the beautiful were there,
He heeded not the solemn voice,
That spake the warning word, Beware!

High hopes and brilliant dreams were his,
Joy lit the boundless future up—
Destruction, death, eternal night,
He read not in the glittering cup;

He saw not then the fearful cloud,

That drew, in awful silence near,
He saw not in the ruby wine

A foe to all his heart held dear.

"'T is but one glass!" with these fell words
He hushed the silent monitor.
Behold him! oh, how fallen now,
The great and gifted orator!
"'T is but one glass," the tempter pleads,
Oh, touch it not, or all is o'er,
Again that siren voice will cry,
"But one glass more, but one glass more!"

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

Where are the dreams of other days,
The visions glad and gay?
The glowing hopes that softly shone
Like stars upon my way?
Where is the sunny seal of joy
That stamped my girlish brow?
The rainbow-dreams of early years,
Alas! where are they now?

Gone like the morning dew, Gone like the summer-flowers,

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

Leaving no cherished joy behind To gild the starless hours!

Gone like the sunset glow
O'er flashing waters east,
Gone like the cloudlet's gorgeous tints,
Too bright—too bright to last!

Where are the smiles that woke for me,
Upon my bridal day?
When love-lit eyes were beaming bright,
And every heart was gay—
Where rests to-night the tender glance
That proudly beamed on me?
The loved of years—the chosen one—
Oh, tell me! where is he?

Go where the tempter's smiles
In brimming goblets shine,
Go where the deathless spirit bows
Before the wine-god's shrine.

Go where the frenzied shout
Steals on the midnight air,
Where sounds of madden'd mirth are heard—
Alas! he lingers there!

Where is the angel child that came
To cheer my hours of gloom?
A thing so bright, I fondly hoped
'T would bring the wanderer home!

Methought that to her pleading voice
Her father's heart would bow,
My only one—my beautiful!
Alas! where is she now?

Hushed is the bounding step,
Dimmed are the eyes of blue,
The rose upon the velvet cheek
Paled to an ashy hue!

Down in the churchyard now,
She sleeps the dreamless sleep,
The angels o'er her little grave
Their lonely vigils keep.

And thus the dreams of other days
Have faded, one by one,
'Mid the wild wreck of perished hopes,
Oh, must I still live on?
No golden gleam, no sunny ray,
To gild the path of life,
How wearily the hours pass on,
To me, the drunkard's wife!

Death, thou art welcome now!

Kind Father take me home,

An angel hand is beck'ning me,

I come! my child, I come!

TEMPERANCE STANZAS.

All hail, to the dawn of the beautiful day! The clouds and the darkness are passing away, The mists and the shadows are all floating by, The Temperance star rises high in the sky, It bursts like a sun from the night's sable pall, Its splendor shall circle the pathway of all, Rejoice, noble sons of the Temperance band! The night is far spent and the day is at hand!

Ye have armed for the struggle, the cause of the right,
Your courage is strong and your armor is bright,
At the wail of the stricken, ye come one and all,
Ye come at the sound of humanity's call,
Ye have risen to conquer, the work must be done,
The foe must be vanquished, the victory won,
A glorious light shall illumine our land,
The night is far spent and the day is at hand!

On! on, to the battle! the tyrant must yield,
His death-dealing ranks must be forced from the field,
The peal of the victor, the clarion-shout,
On the clear air of heaven shall ring proudly out,
The forests majestic, the mountain and wave
Shall echo the song of the free and the brave,
Rejoice noble sons of the Temperance band!
The night is far spent and the day is at hand!

Long, long o'er our land, the fell spoiler hath trod, And spread desolation and anguish abroad,
Man formed in the image and likeness Divine,
Hath bowed to his sceptre and knelt at his shrine,
The hour of his glory and triumph hath past,
The merciless foe is retreating at last,
Rejoice, noble sons of the Temperance band!
The night is far spent and the day is at hand.

The enemy's standard in triumph hath waved,
The storm and the tempest our army hath braved,
When the heavens were veiled in the terrible pall,
And the blackness of midnight was over us all,
There was strength in each purpose, resolve on each
brow,

Ye faltered not then, and ye falter not now! Rejoice, noble sons of the Temperance band! The night is far spent and the day is at hand!

Rejoice, ye that mourn! all ye weary rejoice!

To the Father of mercies lift up a glad voice,
From the desolate dwelling an altar shall rise,
The song of thanksgiving ascend to the skies,
E'en now the night fades, and the cloud is withdrawn,
Praise God for the light of the glorious dawn!
Peace! peace to the homes of our beautiful land,
The night is far spent and the day is at hand!

WE MUST FIGHT THE BATTLE OVER.

We must fight the battle over,
Rise! ye tried and gallant few,
Pledged for aye to truth and freedom,
Gird your armor on anew!
Sound the trump! unfurl the banner!
Proudly let the standard wave!
"Born to conquer," is our motto—
Motto of the true and brave.

Brothers! freemen! would ye triumph,
Would ye burst the galling chain,
Would ye crush the foe forever,
Would ye have the law of Maine?
Ye must fight the battle over,
Ye must rise to fall no more,
Armed and girded for the struggle,
Firmer, stronger than before!

By the spreading desolation,

By the dark and fearful blight,

Shrouding our beloved nation,

In one long and starless night—

By the tears, the groans, the wailings,

In the demon's deadly train,

We have pledged ourselves to conquer,

Sworn to have the law of Maine!

Though the foe again hath triumphed,
Shall we settle tamely down?

Nay! by all that's pure and holy,
We will wear the victor's crown!

We will form our brave battalions,
We will rally—not in vain—

We will fight the battle over,
We will have the law of Maine!

THE TEMPERANCE JUBILEE

Composed for, and sung, at the Semi-Centennial Anniversary, April 13th, 1858.

With swelling songs of grateful praise
We greet this festal morn,
And hail the day when Temperance,
The holy thing, was born;
The bright earth wore a gladder smile,
The skies a purer glow,
When came the blessing to our world
Just fifty years ago.

CHORUS:

Come let our choral strains ring out,
Swell high the gushing glee,
All hail! with stirring song, and shout
The Temperance Jubilee!

Well may our hearts beat high to-day,
Well may our songs arise,
Our voices, in one hymn of praise,
Peal to the vaulted skies;
A glad shout woke the distant spheres
And angels smiled we know,
When Temp'rance dawned upon our world
Just fifty years ago.

CHORUS:

Come let our choral strains ring out,
Swell high the gushing glee,
All hail! with stirring song, and shout
The Temperance Jubilee!

Hail! to the joyous festal day!

Hail, to the noble band,

Whose watching eyes first saw the light
That shines o'er all the land!

God bless this day, the mighty few,
The brave men of Moreau

Who framed the consecrated PLEDGE
Just fifty years ago!

CHORUS:

Come let our choral strains ring out, Swell high the gushing glee, All hail! with stirring song, and shout The Temperance Jubilee!

"HALF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO."

A POEM,

Written for the Semi-Centennial Celebration of the "Temperance Society of Moreau and Northumberland," April 13, 1858.

When the silver trump of Freedom
Through Columbia's spirit thrills,
And the deep roar of her cannon
Thunders o'er the sunrise hills,
Bells ring in the purple morning,
Banners woo the whispering breeze,
Clear and sweet the sound of laughter
Ripples o'er the summer seas.
To the list'ning skies ascending,
Swells the birth-song of the free,
And a million voices blending,
Hail the nation's Jubilee!

Not to strains of martial music,
Not with shouts of stirring cheer,
Chime of bells and peal of bugles,
Have we met exulting here!
Not to sing how Freedom's Angel
'Mid the storm of battle came,
Waving his proud wing triumphant,
O'er the burning billows' flame;
But to tell the grateful story,
While our hearts within us glow,

How there came a kindred glory, Half a hundred years ago.

'T was the time when o'er the nation Hung a black and fearful pall, And the wing of desolation Brooded darkly over all, When the plaintive wail of anguish Drowned the ringing voice of mirth, And the glowing embers smouldered On the lonely cottage hearth, When the high-born spirit worshipped At the Tempter's fatal shrine, And the fire of Genius faded, Quenched within the sparkling wine, And the eye grew dim and sunken, And the firm, proud step grew slow, Ere there came a saving Angel, Half a hundred years ago.

There were tears and bitter wailings,

There were groans that pierced the skies,
And through all the land the weary

Lifted up their swimming eyes.
Childhood's heart, the pure and tender,

Shuddered 'neath a father's frown,
And the patient soul of woman

To the storm bent moaning down.
Mighty men, the great and gifted,

Groaned beneath the fiery chain,

'Neath the Rum-King's flaming fetter,
Burning into soul and brain,
Then the vestal fires of Freedom,
Faded from our virgin strand,
Deeper grew the sunless shadow—
It was midnight in the land!

Oh, 't was beautiful, 't was holy, When the faint and feeble light Twinkled dimly through the darkness Of the wild and starless night. And the eves all weary watching Through the long and lonely years, Saw the mellow morning twilight Through a mist of happy tears; Like the birth-star of the Saviour, Very still and soft it came, Lighting up earth's mournful places With its pure, celestial flame, Shining o'er the cheerless hearth-stone, Giving back the olden glow, To the pleasant cottage fire-light, Half a hundred years ago.

Where the shapes of hell were wreathing
Round the lost, despairing soul,
In the Babel dens of madness,
Even there the glory stole.
And there came a dewy softness,

O'er the wild and glaring eye,
And the burning brow grew peaceful,
With a purpose calm and high;
Then the daring hand uplifted,
Sheathed the reeking blade of Crime,
And the saved went out to conquer,
Girded with a strength sublime.

In the drooping soul of woman,

'Neath its weight of anguish bowed,

Hope unfurled her glowing pinion,

Like the rainbow in the cloud,

And she watched the sweet revealing

Breathless, with her lips apart,

Till the morning-star of gladness

Dawned within her sinking heart.

And the deep praise of her spirit,

Into grateful song did flow,

For this Angel of her household,

Half a hundred years ago.

Weary children saw the sunshine
Breaking through the leaden skies,
And the laughing light stole sparkling
To the mild, beseeching eyes;
O'er the tiny forms that shivered,
In the blighting, chilling cold,
Warm and beautiful it quivered,
Turning all the gloom to gold,
Sweeter than the music swelling

From the princely palace dome, Rang the voices of the children, In the ransomed drunkard's home.

Oh, the Pledge! what blessings crowned it!

There was joy where'er it fell,
Guiding to the gushing fountain,

Where the crystal waters well—
Turning midnight into morning,

Hushing down the raging storm,
Giving health, and grace, and vigor,

To the bowed and reeling form,

Mingling music with the murmur,

Of the streams that cool did flow,

For the healing of the nations,

Half a hundred years ago.

Hail! thou glad, primeval glory,
Beacon of the drunkard's soul,
Watch-light on the lurid ocean
Where the waves of ruin roll!
Hail! thou star of Temp'rance, gleaming
Through the clouded spirit's haze,
And the feet of Error guiding
Into Wisdom's pleasant ways.
Oh, what hope for mourning households
Twinkled in thine early glow,
Blushing to a living splendor,
Half a hundred years ago!

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What, though gath'ring gloom and darkness
From our skies the sun would blot,
Yet the firm faith stands unshaken,
And the brave heart falters not.
By the glowing heavens o'er us,
By the Day-spring shining still,
We shall swell the victor's chorus,
Till the answering stars shall thrill.
Conquest waits us in the future,
There's a prouder crown to win,
We will force the gates of Triumph,
We will enter boldly in.

Lo! the skies are bright with promise,
Clear the day shall break at last,
In the beautiful hereafter
We shall glory in the past.
Hope shall change to full fruition,
Peace shall bless our favored strand,
When the sun of Prohibition
Floods with cloudless light the land.
We who thank the great All-Father,
For the sunshine and the rain,
Then, from our full hearts, shall praise Him,
For the righteous Law of Maine!

Yea! though clouds have gathered o'er us,
Sometimes shutting out the ray
Radiant with the holy promise
Of the full resplendent day,

Well we know the hope of millions
Rose to shine triumphant then,
Kindled by the living purpose
In the hearts of mighty men!
Sisters! from our blended spirits
Let the tide of blessing pour,
In one grateful shower descending
On the gallant band of yore.
Blessed be the primal fathers,
Blessed be our own Moreau,
Where the light began to glimmer
Half a hundred years ago!

We will here renew the promise!
Pass around the Pledge again!
While we lift our thankful voices
In one clear, exulting strain!
Let the bells of gladness ringing
Sweetly peal to distant lands.
Break! ye mountains, into singing,
And ye green hills clap your hands!
Shout aloud the thrilling story,
Till the far-off nations know,
How there dawned a day of glory,
Half a hundred years ago!

INDEPENDENCE,

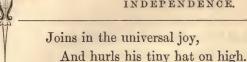
Written for the Celebration of the National Anniversary at Fort Edward, July 3d, 1858.

With music's strains and cannon's roar,
And glowing stars and stripes unfurled,
The children of the fairest shore,
The proudest land in all the world,
We gather in thy lofty name,
Beneath thy skies, Oh Liberty!
And echoing song and shout proclaim
It is the birthday of the Free!

The everlasting hills rejoice

And spread their green arms to the sky,
The nation lifts her mighty voice,
A million hearts are throbbing high.
The pulse of youth beats full and fast,
And hoary age grows young again,
While quivering with the storied past,
Ascends the glorious, natal strain.

Aye, many a grave and reverend sire,
Whose locks are silvered o'er with gray,
Feels in his heart the olden fire,
And grows a hale, young man to-day;
And many a fair-haired, blooming boy,
His full soul "sparkling in his eye,"



A wave of music floods the land, The summer air grows sweet with song, While here, on freedom's soil, we stand, And glad huzzas ring loud and long; Where rose of old the trumpet's sound, And dark the cloud of battle lay, On fair Fort Edward's storied ground, We hail this proud, triumphant day.

'T is meet for us to gather here, Where once bright bannered armies stood, And brave hearts throbbed with lofty cheers, And freely shed their sacred blood. O'er towering hill and forest glen, Hung redly down a cloud of flame, And marshalled hosts of gallant men, Went forth in Freedom's holy name.

The fearful conflict's deepening roar, The lurid war-cloud's fiery gleam, Have faded from the pleasant shore, Where the blue Hudson winds its stream; Bathed in the sun-light's golden sheen, O'ershadowed by the bending skies, Imbosomed in her hills of green, The rural village peaceful lies.

Tall churches lift their slender spires
And point the weary pilgrim home,
And where the wild war wreathed its fires,
Proud Science rears her stately dome;
There many a bold, high-hearted youth,
With treasures rich his mind shall freight,
Learn how to wield the sword of truth,
And guide the noble ship of state.

Where, in their might, the millions woke
To the loud trumpet's clarion-peal,
And the fierce storm of battle broke,
And rose the sound of clashing steel.
Melodious on the clear air swells
The happy music of the free,
The silver chime of ringing bells,
And childhood's voice of gushing glee.

Mid the glad peal of loud huzzas,
And songs that reach the skies to-day,
A hush comes o'er our hearts, we pause—
And mourn the fate of Jane McCrea.
The soft wind rustles on the hill,
And whispers in the sylvan dell,
The waters flash and murmur still,
Where she, the Scottish maiden fell.

Through all the long, warm summer hours,
The blue birds in the branches sing,
And little children gather flowers,
Beside that clear and sparkling spring.

Aye, hushed hath grown each warlike sound,
And all the scenes of strife have fled,
And yet we call this holy ground,
On which with reverent feet we tread.

Awed by the consecrated past,

Through the dim years we look away
We hear the signal bugle's blast,

And live those olden years to-day.
A holy flame glows in each soul,

As when of yore went o'er the sea,

Majestic as an anthem's roll,

The Declaration of the Free!

Oh, Liberty! thou blessing bought
With dying patriot's blood and groans,
Thou glorious work of triumph wrought
In orphans' tears and widows' moans;
Unholy hands profane the prize,
The victor's crown so dearly won,
A shadow veils thy radiant skies,
A spot is on thy sacred sun!

Yea, in this pleasant land of ours,

Where warmly shines the summer light,
Where bloom the gorgeous, tropic flowers,
And glitter birds of plumage bright,
There on the soil our fathers trod,
The slave groans 'neath the fearful ban,
There, man the "noblest work of God,"
Hath bought and sold his brother man!

Spirit of Freedom! shalt thou droop
Forever thus, a fettered thing?
And shall our own proud eagle stoop
With dimming eye and shattered wing?
Nay! by our stars and stripes unfurled,
This favored land of ours shall be,
A beacon-light to guide the world,
The glorious home where all are free!

TO MY MOTHER.

MOTHER! the dearest word of all
That human lips have learned to say,
Whose tones of silver sweetness fall,
Like music, on my heart to-day;
How beautiful the changeless love,
The pure, the patient, steady flame,
The warm light kindled from above,
That glorifies that sacred name!

Mother, it was thy guiding hand
That led me, oh, so tenderly!
Up the green hills of that fair land,
Where childhood's pleasant pastures be;
When clouds came o'er the purple skies,
And shadows o'er my spirit stole,
The pitying light of thy soft eyes,
Gave back the sunshine to my soul.

Cradled within thy clasping arms,
And folded to thy faithful breast,
It was thy gentle voice whose charms
Lulled all my troubled heart's unrest;
In the dark hour when sickness came,
And wildly throbbed my burning brain,
Thy cool hand quenched the fever's flame,
And soothed away the weary pain.

Full many a thread of silver now,
Is gleaming in thy glossy hair,
Ah! time hath touched thy placid brow
And left faint lines of sadness there.
Yet by the tears that sometimes start,
When thou thy wayward child doth bless,
Mother, I know thy warm, true heart
Throbs with its olden tenderness.

The fount still gushes full and free,

The old smile lights thy patient face,
And the dear arms that cradled me

Still fold me in their fond embrace;
And now, as in the early years,

I turn me, like a weary dove,
From all life's bitterness, and tears,
Unto thy safe and sheltering love.

They say a tie, more holy still,
Will sometime lure me from thy side,
When all the daughter's soul shall thrill
With the full rapture of the bride;

But though our flock should scattered be,
Though from the fold my feet may roam,
My deepest heart will cling to thee,
The guardian angel of our home.

Mother, once more, thy sacred name,
With hushed and reverent lips I speak,
A sweet joy trembles through my frame,
My spirit bows, and words grow weak;
But thou canst read my glowing face,
Thou knowest all my heart so well,
And there thy watching eyes shall trace
The love these lips may never tell.

THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.

DEDICATED TO THE LADIES' MOUNT VERNON ASSOCIATION.

Place to our Country's heart more dear
Than all beneath the sun!
What fond affections cluster round
The Home of Washington!
The trees he loved are sacred trees,
The paths he used to tread
Are voiceful, with a thousand tones
That whisper of the dead.

Oh! who shall claim the cherished spot—
The chamber where he died?

The consecrated place where sleeps
A nation's love and pride?
What grateful hand shall train the vines
That grace the homestead-bowers?
And whose shall be the precious right
To wreathe his tomb with flowers?

'T is Woman's clear and thrilling voice,
Makes blessed answer now,
A loving light is in her eye
Resolve is on her brow:
"The peace that crowns our cottage homes
His fearless courage won;
We, in our tenderness, will guard
The tomb of Washington."

Yea, let the glorious work be ours,
And ours the holy trust—
To hallowed keep the hero's home,
And guard his sacred dust.
Arise, ye daughters of our land,
The proudest 'neath the sun,
Arise! and join us, all who love
The name of Washington!

LURA A. BOIES.

Moreau, Oct. 18, 1858.



Piterary Remains.

"Oh! stream of life—The violet blooms
But once beside thy bed;
But one brief Summer o'er thy path
The dews of Heaven are shed.
The parent-fountains shrink away,
And close their crystal veins;
And where the glittering current ran,
The dust alone remains."

Wifferent, in every respect, are the

LITERARY REMAINS

OF

LURA ANNA BOIES.

As emanations from a "living soul," With power of rising to that source's height, They may be likened to "Siloa's brook That flowed fast by the oracle of God."

"Then grieve not thou, to whom the indulgent Muse Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire; Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse The imperial banquet, and the rich attire: Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre. Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined? No; let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire, To fancy, freedom, harmony, resigned; Ambition's groveling crew for ever left behind."

BEATTIE'S MINSTREL.





PROPOSED EPITAPH,

For Inscription on the south side of a MONUMENT, to be erected in the Fort Edward and Sandy Hill Cemetery.

HERE REPOSE,*

UNTIL "BEAUTY IMMORTAL AWAKES FROM THE TOMB,"
THE "DUST-TO-DUST" REMAINS

OF

LURA ANNA BOIES,

AUTHORESS OF "EARTH'S TRIUMPH-HOURS;"

ONE OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS OF WHICH

WAS THAT OF HER DEPARTURE

FROM EARTH AND TIME.

BORN, ON THE 2D DAY OF MAY, 1835,
A POETESS—WITH GENIUS EXCELLED ONLY BY HER MORAL SENSIBILITY,
WHICH, LIKE ADDISON, RENDERED VIRTUE AMIABLE,
AND, LIKE JOHNSON, INCULCATED IT AS AN AWFUL DUTY—
SHE LEFT THIS WORLD BEHIND
ON THE 15TH APRIL, A.D. 1859,
WHICH BECAME, TO HER,

"THE CHRISTIAN'S CORONATION-DAY!" †

"How blest, how beautiful, the faith
That falters not in view of death!
That lifts the trembling, sinking soul,
And points it to the dazzling goal,
That throws a halo o'er the tomb,
And gives a glory to its gloom—
That looks beyond the threatening tide,
Sees Heaven's glad portals opening wide,
Sees the strong hand reached out to save,
Clasps it, and triumphs o'er the grave!"

She sowed in sorrow; but she reaps in bliss
Who would not die, to live—like her—again?‡

* Near the last, and perhaps final, grave of JANE M'CREA, heroine of a principal poem, contained in Miss Boies' book of "Rural Rhymes." [Ante, p. 17.]

† Ante, page 65.

1 Ante, page 99.

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MEMOIR.

THE subject of this memoir, LURA ANNA BOIES, was a child of Mr. JEROME BOIES, who, having emigrated from Blandford Hampden county, Massachusetts, resided, at the time of his daughter's birth, in the town of Moreau, Saratoga county, N. Y.* The mother of

*Died, at Moreau, on Saturday, the 24th ult., Mr. Jerome Boies. His obsequies, including a sermon by Rev. Prof. King, were at Fort Edward on the 27th ult., and the interment was in the Sandy Hill and Fort Edward Cemetery. Mr. Boies' remains properly repose by the side of his daughter's grave. Concerning him, whom she correctly appreciated, Lura A. Boies thus composed to "music of the memorybells," "tinkling soft and low:"

"My father, thou art still the same
As in the olden time,
When I was but a tiny girl
And thou wert in thy prime.
Thou hast been gentle with thy child
Through all her wayward years,
Thou hast been faithful to her faults
And tender to her tears.

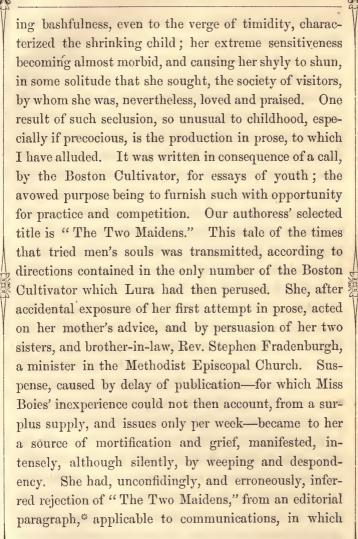
"Nobly thy strong, brave heart hath borne
The pain and toil of life,
Undaunted by the cold world's scorn,
Serene in all the strife.
Thine is the high and earnest soul,
The courage calm and bold,
The love that would lay down the life
To guard thy little fold."

Dec. 30, 1859.

Ante, page 161.

Lura was a daughter of Doctor Martin Gillett, who removed from Canaan in the county of Litchfield, Connecticut, to Johnsburgh, Warren county, N. Y., during the winter of 1811. At the time of that removal, Hannah J. Gillett, who became Mrs. Boies, was but six years of age; and in charge of her step-mother, whose maiden name had been Lura-or, as she spelled, Lury—Rathbun. The latter, by an amiable disposition, lady-like deportment and maternal kindness, so endeared herself to the family, of which she had fortunately become a member, that her honored name was, with the addition Anna, conferred on Mrs. Boies' youngest daughter, whose precocity was, while yet a prattler, observed by her parents and neighbors. Having, without any particular instruction, learned the alphabet, Lura was allowed to attend a district-school; although she was then so small as to be frequently carried, on account of distance (though little more than a mile) and inclemency of weather, on the teacher's back. She, notwithstanding diminutive stature, soon became remarkable for sprightliness and proficiency. At about six years of age "little Lura" began to talk at her doll, in rhymes, and by another year reduced them to writing, on both sides of every scrap of paper, whether white or dark, that she could obtain-yet her first published production was prose. She composed it when she was but thirteen, an age at which many, if not most, girls cease—if they have ever commenced—to think. At that crisis of her mental condition, increas-

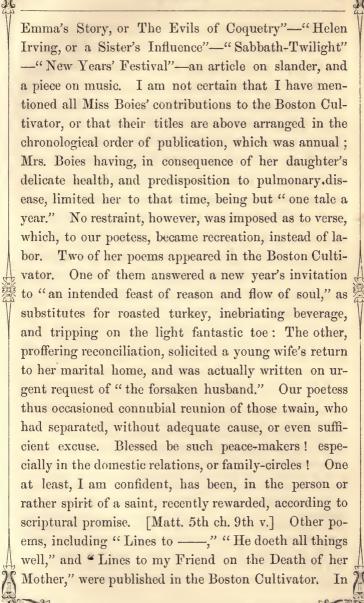
^{*} Both names, Boies and Gillett, indicate Huguenot-descent.



^{*&}quot;Contributors may rest assured that, should articles, occasionally come, which, in our opinion, are unsuited for publication, they will be laid aside without comment."



her essay was not included; for it appeared, to her satisfaction, verging on joy, and for gratification of her friends, in a number issued on the third day of November, 1849. Lura's originality of thought is obvious in the commencement, descriptive of rural scenery, which surrounding her residence, was, even from infancy, most familiar, and fondly frequented. Characters, in the nature of dramatis persona, are well defined, and harmoniously grouped. Incidents follow in rapid, but not confused succession. The plot—conducing to a good moral, and happy end—is developed with so much simplicity and probability, that readers are not perplexed with complication; while several interesting and consistent catastrophes are combined into a satisfactory and patriotic conclusion. This tale may, indeed, be regarded as a correct specimen of the character of its authoress' mind; especially in tendency to pathos, after it had been thoroughly matured. With due allowance for juvenility and inexperience, Miss Boies' "Two Maidens" must be considered as an extraordinary scintillation of intellect, and indication of nascent talent, as precursor of her brilliant—alas! that it has been but a brief-literary career. Miss Boies' editorially-solicited contributions-which may without disparagement be compared with many moral novelettes, written by Mrs. Mary C. Vaughan, or Mrs. Frances D. Gage, the most meritorious of modern authors, on such subjects-were continued, to the Boston Cultivator, several years. The titles of some were as follows:-"Reflections on the Seasons"—"Thought"—"Aunt

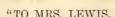


consequence of the girl's unexpected success, and failure cotemporaneously of others, together with the acknowledged excellence of her communications, all of which were eagerly accepted and rapidly circulated, some slight suspicion, concerning her authorship, was intimated to a lady-neighbor, who promptly asserted, (as she repeated on the day of her favorite's decease,) that Lura Boies was the purest person she had ever known, and as far above all deception as heaven is higher than earth. Yet, for furnishing an opportunity to refute all insinuations, that lady immediately sent to the accused some hastily written and facetious verses of covert inquiry. The following answer, as compliance with the interrogator's wishes, was-under circumstances which forbade all collusion, assistance, or plagiarism-forthwith returned.

*" I wish you to return me a sonnet; and if you let this be seen by your brother Stephen—remember—you can never be forgiven.

M. L."

"I was sadly vexed at a report of my being the author of Mr. Fielding's last work, 'The voyage to Lisbon.' The reason which was given for supposing it mine was, to the last degree, mortifying, (viz. that it was so very bad a performance, and fell so far short of his other works, it must needs be the person with him who wrote it.) This is the disadvantageous light poor women are held in, by the illnature of the world. If they write well, and very ingeniously, and have a brother, then, to be sure-'She could not write so well; it was her brother's, no doubt.' If a man falls short of what is expected from his former genius in writing, and publishes a very dull and unentertaining piece, then, 'To be sure, it was his sister, or some woman friend who was with him.' Alas! my good Mr. Richardson, is not this a hard case ?-To you I appeal, as the only candid man, I believe, with regard to women's understanding; and, indeed, their only champion and protector, I may say, in your writings; for you write of angels, instead of women." MISS COLLIER'S Letter.



Thou hast tuned thy lyre to a pensive strain, And welcomed the muse of thy youth again—
Thou hast told of the days long since gone by,
When no cloud was seen in thy sunny sky,
Ere thy hand had swept o'er the golden key
That unlocked the page of futurity.

Thou saidst that the days of thy youth were bright, That thy song was gay, and thy step was light, That Nature's soft beauties were dear to thine eye, That Time's golden moments passed pleasantly by, And you deemed not then in those sunbright hours, That poison oft lurks 'neath the fairest flowers.

Then tell me, dear lady, are visions so fair,
That dawn on our girlhood, but castles in air?
Are the bright, bright, pictures upheld to the eye,
But the dreams of a moment, which quickly pass by?
Are Hope's gorgeous sun-beams, which circle our way,
But a halo of glory, that fades in a day?

Oh! surely the sunlight of Hope will not fade,
It will soothe, when weary, and charm us when sad;
It will picture the glory which waits us above,
Where, bathed in the sunshine of heavenly love,
No shadows will darken, no sorrows can come,
And angels of beauty will welcome us home.

Lury.

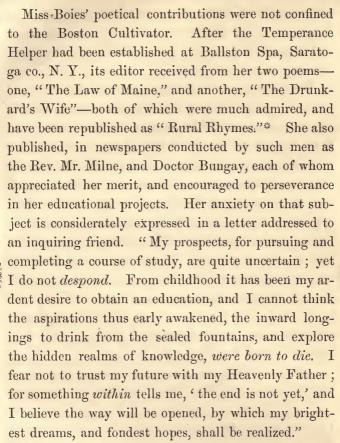
P. S.—If you criticise these verses,
Sad indeed will be my doom,
For there 's nothing to inspire me,
But the music of the loom;

Then I trust that you will kindly
Pass their imperfections by;
And I hope you'll not expose them
To the gaze of mortal eye.

Lury A. Boies."

Discovering no date to the manuscript from which I have copied, I can merely conjecture, from the producing occasion, that when 'this answer was composed Miss Boies was about fourteen years old. Such supposition is confirmed by the facts that a hand-loom was—in despite of water and steam-power machinery for weaving—yet used in her father's family, and that the handwriting seems to have been in its transition state, from the cramped awkwardness of childhood to the correct and elegant chirography of her later years, when, on suggestion of a female friend, the spelling of her christian name was changed from Lury, as in the above signature, to Lura; she having, with judgment and taste, declined the fashionable—I had almost written, not wise—termination in "ie."

From the time, however, when Mrs. Lewis triumphantly exhibited Miss Boies' epistolary and poetical answer—whether I must, or may, not add to our hypothesis about fourteen, "be the same more or less"—there has been not even a rumor that she had palmed upon the public productions of another, as her own composition; and the utter absurdity of such silly reports became more and more obvious, as our authoress, by her own unassisted genius, ascended, with sylphlike ease, gracefulness and quietude, to her appropriate niche in the temple of fame.



Miss Boies' means of instruction had been limited to a primitive kind of common school, and she viewed with "joy unspeakable" the walls of a Collegiate Institute, as they gradually arose, at Fort Edward, and in sight from her father's habitation, situated on the west

^{*} Ante, pages 163 and 167.

shore of the Hudson. Day after day she watched the progress, toward completion, of that edifice, on which had concentrated all her temporal hopes, and she, rapturously, hailed the first light from its stately attics, as if it had been a star in the east. In that seminary of science—for it is such indeed—when summoned by the welcome sound of its surmounting bell, so soothing and grateful to her heart, sickened by suspense and steeped in sorrow, Miss Boies, with buoyant spirits and recuperative energy, began her classical studies,* and continued—not, however, without discouraging, and even tantalizing, interruption—her course of industry and success, until, under peculiar circumstances, she graduated, with the crowning honors of her class. She had crowded into her last two terms the ordinary studies of three; including some higher branches of

*The following extract from Miss Boies' diary shows the observation and feelings of a novitiate, whose domestic habits had been disturbed by a whole day's absence, and one mile's distance, from her beloved home, to which, like the fledgeling, after first flight from its nest, she longed for return at night. So child-like, with such maturity of mind:

"Fort Edward, Dec. 7th, '54. Well, I have left the broad shadow of the parental roof, and am now snugly ensconced within the classic walls of the Fort Edward Institute. I have a very pleasant room, situated on the second floor. My room-mate, Miss Ward, appears to be an agreeable and intelligent girl. She introduced me to Miss King, the Preceptress. She is a lovely lady to appearance, graceful, pleasing and accomplished. She called on us a few moments this afternoon. I have not yet been introduced to the Principal; he addressed the students after tea, and said they intended to be ready to attend recitations Monday. I have not yet been 'homesick,' though I felt rather sad last night at the thought of leaving home. I would like to take a peep at Pa and Ma, and dear sisters; but that cannot be."

mathematics, and Cicero's orations; the last, from diffusedness of style, with liberal transposition, and scattering of words, being, for translation and parsing, the most difficult study among Latin authors. Our readers, therefore, will not be surprised when informed that several days before the collegiate commencement, or Institute exhibition, in April, 1857, the health of Miss Boies was so much impaired that she was constrained to leave for home, and occupy there a bed of sickness. Having rallied, however, by mere force of indomitable resoluteness, and in consequence of salutary repose in her own "dulce dulce domum"—and "there's no place like home!"—she returned to Fort Edward, where, at Alma Mater, after another week of anxiety had "dragged its slow length along," Miss Boies, in presence of her gratified parents and numerous friends and congratulating companions, appeared, for conclusion of that term's academic exercises, before an impatient audience, expecting much from her reputation as a poetess, and assiduity as a scholar; but more especially from her last-years' class task, or premium poem, entitled "The Blind Bard of England," which had been printed in several periodicals, and republished in a metropolitan and phrenological magazine, as the best modern specimen of ideality.* When, therefore, at a late hour, and to a fatigued auditory uncomfortably crowded in a straight-back-seated chapel, the aisles and other passages of which were thronged with up-

^{*} Ante, page 52.

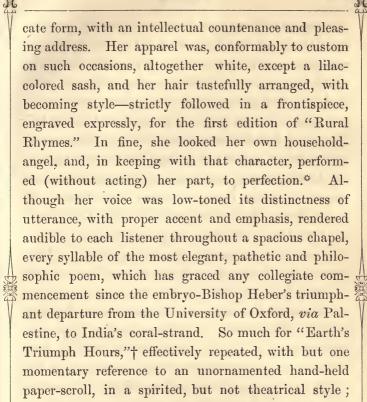
standers and by-standers, "the Valedictory, by Miss Lura A. Boies," was announced, a "hush came o'er" the house, departing footsteps were stayed, and "the observed of all observers" was received with respectful silence; interrupted only by an earnest request, "please to be seated, that we may all see and hear." While the universal favorite was coming, calmly and gracefully forward to her central position on the stage, or rather platform, it became obvious that she was of deli-

*The following cotemporaneous account of this occurrence appeared in the Fort Edward Ledger:

Miss Boies' Valedictory Poem,* the principal subject of which is "Earth's Triumph Hours," (published in the last number of the Fort Edward Institute Magazine,) omitted the most signal triumph on that occasion. For supplying, therefore, what delicacy declined, the following is submitted as supposed to have been uttered by an auditor, (not Luke Lichen, who silently thought it,) when he heard the final farewell, succeeded by Professor King's address, (in the nature of a baccalaureate) to his graduating class.

Thy "triumph hour" was when that word †
Was sympathetically spoken;
As if life's bowl and silver cord,‡
At bible-fountain had been broken:
Yet none were "numbered with the dead;"
Though many living were to part,
When one, | best knowing, proudly said
"That such as thou hast been and art,
Pupils of thine may always be,
(To make them so God grant thee power!)
Is the best boon I can wish thee."
That—L***-was thy "triumph hour."

^{*} Deferred of course until a late hour, when, after protracted (but profitable) examination and exhibition, the Principal, Professor King, announced to a fatigued and crowded auditory, "Miss Lura A. Boles," and added, "you always listen to her with silence and pleasure;" which, as a prediction from the past, was instantaneously verified. The reason had that day been hinted in a biographical sketch concerning Henry Ward Beecher, of whom was correctly stated that "he always adapted himself to his audience;" and it might be truly added, that he also soon adapted his audience to himself. Both observations are remarkably applicable to the taste and judgment and tact of Miss Boies, who is always "true to nature,"



*Ante, pages 44 and 103.

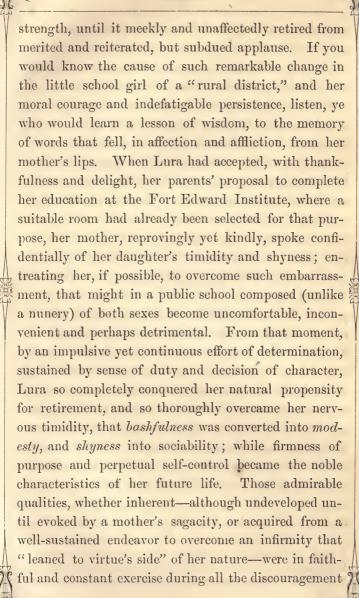
†Ante, page 105.

and can rely on her own mental resources. Indeed, Miss Boies is a rare illustration of the classical adage, "poeta [poetria] nascitur non_fit."

† "We pause—a hush comes o'er the soul,
And bows it in an hour like this,
When the heart's beating seems to toll
The death-knell of the parted bliss!
The secret fount within is stirr'd,
Higher the gushing waters swell,
The lip may breathe one only word,
Strangers, and loved ones, all, FAREWELL."

^{‡ &}quot;Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the eistern; then shall the dust return to the earth, as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God, who gave it." | Professor King.

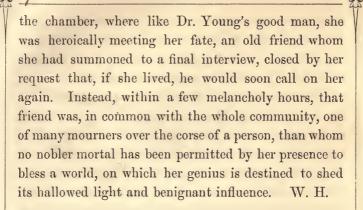
yet coming fully up to Garrick's estimate of the different degrees of belief, manifested by play-actors and gospel-preachers. And yet this is the same shrinking, timid, little country girl to whom one of the spectators of that most signal triumph of her genuine scholarship and genius had, a few weeks before, at evening twilight, been formally introduced, with so little opportunity of seeing her face, or hearing her voice, that, fearing he might not, on casual meeting, recognize her again, he asked Professor Ames to point her out, among her numerous companions in the chapel gallery; where, as Professor Lewis of the Troy University gallantly remarked, the lamps hung "a little lower than the angels." Professor Ames' answer was, "I can't, because Miss Boies never comes here except for gymnastic-exercise, class-recitations, and religious service. She is usually in her room, where, on account of her gentle manners and quiet habits, we have located her next to my family." In the retirement of that family, where this amiable girl, familiarly and acceptably, came to kiss and caress a pretty, playful child, the writer of this imperfect biographical sketch next saw Miss Boies, and trusts, from vividness of an impression indelibly left on his memory, not to be numbered among those whom, in a fragmentary article, she thus described: "They cannot interpret the language of the face; they know nothing of the eloquence of silence." Yes, patient readers! this was the same unassuming girl whose short, slight figure seemed, as her valedictory progressed, growing into tallness and



and distress of her death-bed sickness, and survived its agony. Miss Boies' social desires and fervent affection for her relatives, her unfailing love of nature, (transcended only by her love, sanctified with reverence, for the God of nature,) her hope of contributing to the happiness of our race, together with much sincere friendship which she had attracted from all her acquaintance, daily becoming more numerous, and her brightening prospect of usefulness from literary attainment earning its reward, for the benefit of her kindred, rendered the patient—and such indeed she was—excessively anxious for restoration to health. Yet when the fatal malady which afflicted her with indescribable anguish, shadowed forth by infallible symptoms its speedy termination in the decease of its victim, her spirit yielded with martyr-like fortitude and resignation to the sad summons from her temporal destroyer, inexorable death. Suffice it to say, concerning such final departure of the perfected just, that Lura Anna Boies left this world behind with as much calmness and self-control as if she had been in unfailing health, and hope, and joy, about to visit those whom she loved on earth. Her accustomed courtesy continued to the last moment of her terrestrial existence; for after she had directed as to her funeral, and while she was uncomplainingly struggling with the spasmodic pangs of immediate dissolution,* she kindly and gracefully dismissed from

^{*}The "aching void" of starvation; a cancerous tumor having filled her stomach, from which nutriment of food was thereby excluded. The patient had discovered, by palm-pressure, this inevitable and ex-





POSTSCRIPT.

After the above memoir had been written, I received, in compliance with my request, from Mrs. Fradenburgh, an interesting biography of her lamented sister, and an appended statement prepared by her mourning mother. To those papers, which furnish just such information as most of our readers may judiciously desire, the preceding sketch will serve as an introduction: Yet I beg leave, in addition, to submit a few of my own observations concerning the beauty in Lura Anna Boies' "daily life;" however comprehensive in this connection that phrase may be deemed.

I have from the force of circumstances—not, however, for criticism, but for correction—been a censor of

cruciating cause of death; thus correcting medical supposition that Miss Boies had been suffering so acutely from dyspepsia alone.



defects in woman's manners, and I can confidently assert that, with ample opportunity for remark, I never detected in Miss Boics' deportment even one of those defects, or the slightest approximation to it.

That extraordinary self-possession which rendered her adequate to every emergency, and qualified her for any station she was properly required to occupy—and she could be found in no other—was always operative, but never apparent. Hence, as above observed, her manners were excellent, and her deportment correct, in every particular. Neither could have been improved if she had studied as her pattern of attainable perfection either Mrs. Antoinette L. Brown Blackwell, or Miss Susan B. Anthony. I was never acquainted with a person who more thoroughly than Miss Boies understood Baron Knigg's "Practical Philosophy of Social Life." A pleasant and significant smile often played upon her countenance; whether in cheerful or pensive mood. Her soft, sweet, unaffected voice-"an excellent thing in woman"-was with fitting, although unstudied "sound, corresponding with the sense," modulated into words so pleasantly spoken, in proper time and place, as to be "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." In fine, I have often asked experts in matters of taste, and after they had enjoyed favorable opportunity for.forming an opinion, "did you ever discover, or even suspect, any fault in Lura Boies?" and the invariable response has been unequivocally "no!" To that monosyllabic answer the judgment and candor of every hearer cordially assented. So true it, is that, of her,

may be unqualifiedly repeated, "none knew her but to love her; none named her but to praise."

Miss Boies was in all respects what, as a model of mind and morals—both greater and, as defined by Lord Chesterfield, lesser, or by Goldsmith as minor—an American lady, or rather woman, signifying more, should be; and of which one in a century seems, as in Mrs. Grant's instance of Madame Schuyler, to be neither too few nor too far between. Thus in Miss Boies' case. the child was mother of the strong minded woman;* dispensing with intermediate girlhood. Her entire life was, in and of itself, almost instinctively a poem, rural to be sure, but at the same time heroic; because of its intellectual grandeur and moral sublimity. Nature, in whose heaven-arched home Miss Boies, like Wordsworth, "kept her study," was consonant to her taste, and congenial with her sensibility. The "spirit of song," + soaring with lark-like carol at morning-dawn hovered, like bees of Hybla, over her head and heart at noontide, and with evening twilight settled down as "a strange and beautiful mystery" upon her soul. This soul of poesy had been inspired by that "spirit of song" which, as another Ariel, was submissive by day to the wand of a more powerful magician than Pros-

† Ante, page 57.

‡ Ante, page 59.

^{*}This phrase, which I have applied to Miss Boies in its primitive and proper sense, has become a term of reproach among some who might, on free traslation of Proverbs, ch. 27 and 22d verse, be brayed in a mortar, and yet continue to bray. A few such censurers—weak-minded, but self-willed or conceited—were, as to Miss Boies reading her own address on the subject of temperance, rebuked by public contempt into silence, if not common sense.

pero; and like that beneficent fairy on its mission of melody, whispered messages of mercy in the dreamy ear of moonlit midnight, serenaded as if by the Floridian nightingale's unparalleled notes. Destitute of that spirit of song, the most classically constructed, elaborately finished, and skillfully polished verse resembles genuine poetry no more than does an unvivified statue, or machine manikin resemble their model-man, who unconciously enjoying heart-circulation of blood and lung-breath of life, is endued with an immortal soul, some of the effects of which even artistic genius can only imitate. Our poetess, encouraged and inspired by that spirit of song which infused itself into the texture and tint of her verse, uniformly acted as if to-day was her "all of life;" thereby implicitly observing her own admirable direction, condensed in a practical poem, appropriately entitled "Earnest." When we calculate how much Miss Boies so accomplished during a short and weary life, and reasonably allow for its disturbing causes that produced delay, but no waste or theft of time by procrastination or otherwise, we can scarcely conjecture what, under auspicious circumstances and comparative longevity, might not have been her literary position and pre-eminence in a world where she left no superior in her department. She had planned

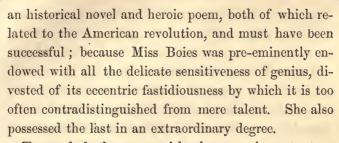
‡ Ante, page 40.





^{*}Twilight (as Mrs. Boies informed me) was, as had been the silent watches of the night, Lura's favorite time for poetic composition, which she tried to avoid on sabbaths; but rhyme would obtrude upon her meditations, and therefore she endeavored to entertain, although as an unbidden guest, some sacred subject when "the numbers came," and would not be kept out by other thoughts.

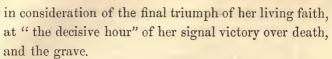
[†] Ante, page 135..



To conclude, however, with the more important or greater morals—from the consideration of which I have inadvertently digressed—it is certain that Miss Boies was scrupulously conscientious on all subjects within the discriminating scope of vice and virtue; as indeed all conscientious persons must, according to their knowledge, necessarily be; nevertheless of a deceptive and demoralizing theory that, in consequence of human infirmity and eccentricity, good and evil intention may be strangely, and even discordantly combined, or rather associated, in the same person, but independently and differently applied to both opinion and practice: which, being interpreted, is a concession that such a person is destitute of conscience, or moral sense, and is content with some undefinable substitute that can neither overcome selfishness nor resist temptation; but may, when untempted, be by casual lookers-on mistaken for conscience: and yet is in every case prone to sin as are sparks to fly upward, or rather cinders to fall downward. On the contrary, Miss Boies was a consistent detester of all tyranny, though legalized; and a compassionate rebuker of every immorality, whether condemned by criminal codes, or fostered by license on

false pretense of regulating governmental institutions. Religion with her was not merely profession, but constant practice, as surety and solace; a guide and safeguard, which neither led to bewilder, nor sought to betray, nor dazzled to blind, as if with a brazen shield, glowing in red-hot glare, from some seventimes' heated furnaces of bigotry, for blasting El Zogoybi-eyeballs. Instead of such darkness, or even doubt and blindness, Miss Boies, recognizing no "false science," derived consolation from an Evangelist's promised Comforter, "even the spirit of truth;" whereby her zeal was according to knowledge, abiding with faith, hope and charity. Irrespective, however, of that greatest christian gift, or grace, her native goodness of heart would have precluded all uncharitableness. On ethical principles Miss Boies denounced, decidedly and indignantly yet mildly, every tendency to intolerance.

But I will forbear, because unintentionally encroaching upon the sacred precincts of Prof. King's funeral sermon, with which, or at least a promised sketch of it, our readers shall be gratified, and, must I not add, edified. I may, however, without intrusion, refer to a diary, which Mrs. Boies regards as an accurate account of her daughter's religious experience, embracing conviction and conversion. Whether christians, generally, will assent to Mrs. Boies' construction, I know not; but am certain of her departed daughter's sincerity; because of her unblemished truthfulness—her daily life and conversation proving that she had kept herself unspotted from the world—and especially



Such transition from earth and time to the spirithome, and source of sacred song, is so pertinently illustrated by allusion to a voyage, that it suggested, at a window, mentioned in Mrs. Fradenburgh's biography of her sainted sister, some metrical lines, which have been, by a publishing editor, entitled

"THE LIFE-BOAT."

Seated at that sun-lighted window pane,
With moral courage, dauntless fortitude,
And chastened earnestness intensely felt,
The Angel of this household thence look'd out
Upon the "dead-man's point" which lay below.
Thither, in cataract-course, the stream of time,
As river of terrestrial human life,
Swifter than pencil'd poesy portrays,*
Plunges, in fury, with no tidal ebb,
And sweeps around the trend of that dread point,
Above which, warp'd to land a life-boat lay,
And heavenward-pointing Hope was in its bow;

*No description of that locality will be needed by persons acquainted with the north-eastward view from the residence, in Moreau, of Mr. Jerome Boies. That river-scenery—especially, as it was remembered, before a canal and mill-dam had converted cataracts into ponds—suggested the above allusions on recollecting Cole's allegorical picture, a triple voyage of life. The writer of this foot-note proposes a pictorial imitation; substituting the Hudson river, as seen above dead-man's point, and a life-boat bearing the likeness of "our angel," or—which is the same—of the authoress, concerning whom that identity was, several years ago, intimated in a supplement to the history of Temperance, compiled by Wm. Hay.

Beck'ning our household angel to embark—
While at her side, with wings prepar'd for flight,
To others viewless, but by her perceiv'd,
Fatth urg'd her chosen not to tarry here:
And she, save for the love of earthly friends,
Was nothing loth to leave this world of woe,
Its vale of tears, and transient joy, behind.

Faith guides her charge, choice favorite of Heaven, Who casts one lingering look on parting friends, And kindred in the flesh—yet firmly grasps the helm Of that *life-boat* which faith shoves off from shore.

STEADY!—careen not—O, thou self-sustain'd,
Swung from thy mooring, with no anchor here,
And by Time's river-flood alone propell'd—
Laden with more than Cæsar's fortunes,
Or Columbus' search for other worlds,
The meek in spirit and the pure of heart,
Redeem'd, even here, as the perfected just,
Of God-like intellect and soul sublime,
The very image of Divinity.

Beware those breakers, shun that whirlpool-gulf, And be not dash'd upon yon rocky reefs: Nor let that counter-current change thy course Into capsizing ruin, foundering wreek.

Lo! how the life-boat, buoyant, staunch and true, By prudence trimm'd, with virtue ballasted, Floats lightly, 'bove perdition, on the surge.

She's safe! Oh! how triumphantly she pass'd The point of death, and settled like some swan, With gently folded wings, in th' outer bay, Through which is entrance—seraphs' pilotage—To Heaven's sure haven of eternal rest, Environ'd by "the everlasting hills."

Though from such voyage there is no return, Ere our own angel was its passenger, She prophesied her holiest destiny, Hymn'd by herself, in ever-during verse, "Gone up higher."*

"The soul—the deathless—the immortal part,
That gave such beauty to its earthly home,
Lives with its God, and bathes its tircless wing
In the glad sunshine of eternal love!
With angels, now, he bows before the throne,
The gushing voice, tuneless and hushed to us,
Blends with the sweetness of the seraph's song,
And swells the chorus of the anthem high,
Chanted, in rapture, by the blood-washed throng.
No night is there, nor sun, nor moon, nor stars,
But God's own glory is the light thereof;
And He, Himself, shall wipe all tears away!"†

W. H.

*Ante, page 97.

† Miss Boies' admirable life, and resignation at death, reminded me of Lord Bacon's distinction (certainly not without difference,) between the Old Testament blessing and that of the New; the first having been prosperity, but the latter being adversity.



BIOGRAPHY

OF

LURA ANNA BOIES.

BY HER SISTER,
MRS. HELEN M. FRADENBURGH.

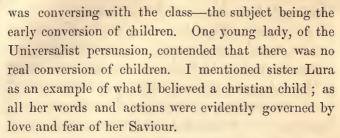
My earliest recollections of sister Lura are of a gentle, quiet, thoughtful child, but by no means an inactive one; for she was as much interested in the active, healthy sports of childhood as other children.

We resided but a short distance from the school house, and when but three years' old she commenced attending school; although she was not numbered with the rest of the scholars. Our parents did not like to have her go to school so young; but she loved it so well, and as she made the teacher no trouble, she was allowed to go. I believe she learned to read well that summer, and on the summer following she attended school regularly. She could not attend school very steadily during childhood, on account of frequent interruptions from illness; her constitution being naturally very slight. She learned very easily, and was called an excellent scholar when a child. Her temper was mild in the extreme, scarcely ever needing even re-

proof, and she was also very affectionate. Although but six years her senior, her nature was so clinging and dove-like, that I felt more of maternal than sisterly feeling toward her; acting as guardian in our extended rambles through fields and forest.

Oh, those happy, golden days of childhood! I almost feel as if I would recall them, that we might again walk together; but she is roaming the elysian fields of Heaven, and we are left to bide our time, patiently and prayerfully, walking by faith rather than sight, until we meet her there.

As a child she was remarkably conscientious, seeking early to give her heart to God, and praying every day, after she became old enough to lisp her simple prayer. This rule she invariably practiced, amid any and every circumstance, until she went home to Heaven. winter of her seventh year she read the New Testament, and made considerable progress in the Old Testament. There was an extensive revival of religion in all the churches at Glens Falls that winter, and one sabbath evening our father attended meeting at the Baptist church. He remarked, on the following day, that the preacher (a stranger in the place) had said the word sprinkle could not be found in the bible; whereupon little Lura, who was attentively listening, replied, "The word sprinkle is in the bible, for in the book of Numbers they were told to sprinkle with water." On the following winter I was attending school away from home, and after a recitation in Wayland's Moral Science, our preceptress, according to her usual practice,



I also spoke of her reading the New Testament through, and related the foregoing incident, as proof that she understood and remembered what she read. All in the class thought it an uncommon instance; and the young lady remarked, "Why, she must be an angel!"

When but ten years of age, she had an almost morbid state of feeling with regard to telling falsehoods. She would imagine that she had told something different from what it really was, and after relating the circumstance to our mother, (who is as conscientious an observer of the truth as the strictest person can be,) and being assured that she had not told an untruth—that she only imagined it—she would lie awake at night and cry for some time.

She was also very particular in not giving a wrong impression in relating any thing, and if she thought she was understood differently from what she intended, she would not rest until it was corrected, however unimportant the matter. Not long before her death, in conversation, she thought after the person or friend had left, that they had mistaken her meaning, and spoke to Ma about it, saying that she feared she had done



wrong. As the subject was of no account, and she had not intended to give a wrong impression, Ma assured. her that she was not responsible. I presume this was owing in a measure to her highly imaginative temperament; and as she was making it the one great aim of her life to prepare for that haven of rest to which she has gone, both combined to render her more truthful than the most of persons, for she was more watchful than a merely superficial person would be. We used to think that she would become a writer; for when but a child of but three or four years, she would improvise long stories about herself and the little children with whom she had played; being merely the fruits of her own imagination, and related for our benefit, she of course did not think that we would believe them true. Every scrap of paper, white or brown, that she would find, would be written over with the thoughts of her pure mind, both in verse and prose, when not more than nine or ten years old. At the age of twelve and fourteen she became extremely diffident, and although always of a retiring nature, at that age she was the most so of any person I ever knew; so much indeed, that she could scarcely be prevailed upon to enter a room where there were strangers, or even to enter a neighbor's house on an errand. One would scarcely think that in the course of six or seven years she could so overcome this feeling as to stand in the presence of hundreds and read, or rather repeat, long poems, and so far forget the presence of the audience, and become



so absorbed in the meaning of what she was uttering, as to weep when she left the stage, as she often did.

The summer that she was thirteen, she wrote a sketch entitled the "Two Maidens," the scene of which was laid on the banks of the Hudson, at the time of the revolution.

I earnestly advised her to send it to the Boston "Cultivator," and she did so. It was published, and I well remember how pleased she was. Her first poem, published when she was fourteen, was "Lines to Baby Helen." After this, she occasionally sent a piece of poetry, or a story, which was invariably published. She also received the paper regularly, and her name was often mentioned by other writers. Her piece entitled "Dancing," was the only piece she ever wrote of a controversial character. When the "Temperance Helper" was first published at Ballston, she wrote for it.

Several of the poems published in her volume were written before she was sixteen, such as "Our Country," "The Dream," &c. "The Bible," "The Sabbath," "The Divorced Wife," and some of her Temperance stanzas, were among her earlier productions, with many others. In letters written me when she was fourteen, she refers to reading Rollin's History, Goldsmith, and Sturm's Reflections, which was always a favorite.

Her love of the scenery surrounding her home was intense, as may be inferred from the following extract from a letter, written me at that time; as I was then residing on the borders of Lake Champlain, at Essex: "The river looks beautiful now, and how I wish you

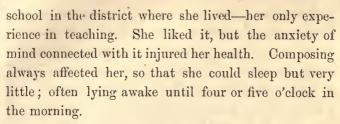


were here to admire it. Not a ripple disturbs its glassy surface, while, mirrored in its waters, appear the trees that fringe its banks, with their varied foliage of gold and brilliant red. Although Lake Champlain surpasses it in size, I do not believe it does in beauty; and if I could, I would not exchange the scene that meets my view for all the sublime scenery the world contains. How thankful we should be that, though not surrounded with luxury, we can gaze on the beauties of nature, and from thence our thoughts are directed to the Source of all comfort; for, as Sturm says, 'We are led through Nature up to Nature's God.'"

She generally attended school, both summer and winter, and devoted much time to reading and writing, and was also much amid the scenes of nature she loved so well. Her life flowed on like a pleasant river through the green sunny meadows and shady dells, until it reached the broad ocean of eternity.

Her voice, heard in the soft, low, modulated tones of conversation, or ringing with the joyous music of an overflowing heart, made melody in the hearts of her parents and sisters. Well might she describe the sunny hues of child-life; for she was only portraying her own happy, loving childhood, sheltered by the love of kind parents, passed amid the haunts of nature, with book and pen, and more than all, with a wellspring of happiness in her heart emanating from the Divine hand.

She attended the district school only one winter after she was fifteen; but pursued her studies at home. The summer that she was eighteen she taught the



Many of her short pieces were composed under the inspiration of the moment. Her "Spirit of Song" was composed one summer's eve at sunset, while musing by the window; and "We must fight the Battle over," was composed and written in a short half hour of the day when the news was received that the Maine Law was defeated. The temperance cause lay very near her heart, and she loved to help it, through her personal influence and her pen.

Through all these years religion was the chief subject of her thoughts and desires. She always had such an humble estimate of herself, that she had a great many doubts and fears that she was not accepted by Christ. But she gave abundant evidence of the fruits of the Spirit, in her meekness, gentleness, patience and charity. Her love of her fellow beings was such that she would not censure them, unless thoroughly convinced that they were wrong—throwing the mantle of charity over their faults; and she was very careful never to say or do any thing to injure another's feelings—which rendered her beloved by all who knew her.

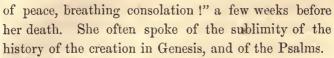
Early in the autumn of 1854 she attended campmeeting, and suffered much distress of mind concerning her soul's salvation. She prayed earnestly for herself



at a prayer meeting in a tent, and those present thought that she was already a child of God; but her faith was not strong enough. One lady, a sister in the church, remarked to me, "Lura will never be contented with being a halfway christian, as many are, but she is seeking sanctification, and she will be a thorough christian." I doubt not but that she was converted when quite young, as soon as she reached the age of responsibility; and that all her after struggles were, in reality, resisting temptation, and fighting the good fight of faith; though doubtless at times the tempter darkened her mind, and prevented her having that faith which brings peace and the witness of the Spirit. I do not think she committed a willful sin, or an act that she knew was wrong, for many years. She was very firm in the right—had a great deal of moral courage—and, in her intercourse with others, she never lightly passed by any thing that she thought was sinful, however slight.

Her reading was very extensive, mostly poetry, biography, and books of a reflective cast. History she did not like; although she read and studied it, until the latter years of her life, when she read some large historical works. In reading works of fiction, she selected those of the highest order, mentally and morally; for she thought it wrong to read any thing that did not improve the heart and mind.

Her bible was her daily study, and the psalms especially she loved to read at family prayer. We find many passages marked in her bible, and the 23d Psalm she marked, and wrote on the margin, "Sweet words



The first school that she ever attended, excepting the district school, was at Fort Edward Institute, the first term of its commencement, when she was nineteen years of age; not entering a regular course of study then, as it was uncertain how long she might attend. Her proficiency was very rapid, and she took at once the highest grade of scholarship in her studies.

The only ornamental branch she pursued was monochromatics; and, although she had never taken a lesson in drawing, her second picture, one of Cole's series of the Voyage of Life, "Old Age," was pronounced perfect; her teacher, the preceptress, saying that it was as perfect as she could have taken herself. At the close of the term she received the highest prize in composition for the poem, "Little Children," which was written before entering the school.

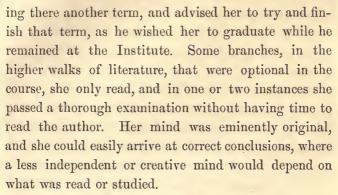
She entered the classical course the second term, and graduated the spring of 1857; having attended only five terms.

When the Æsthetic Society, consisting only of ladies intending to graduate, was formed, she became a member; and the poems she read at their publics, and contributed to their weekly paper, were prized very highly. In one instance, the paper which she edited was read at their public, containing ten pieces of her own; although she earnestly desired that they would

not have a public that term, on account of being required to write so much, in addition to her studies.

Latin was her favorite study; and her teachers and others have said that she gave the most elegant and perfect translation of any one they ever knew. The first prize for composition was awarded her every term of her attendance, excepting the last, when, as a graduate, she read the valedictory, "Earth's Triumph Hours;" and she also received the highest mark, in her various classes, while at Fort Edward Institute. Her devotion to her studies was remarked by both teachers and students; rising early, and improving every leisure moment. It was her practice to rise at four in the morning and pursue her studies until half past ten at night, the last term of her attendance; thus confining herself to four and five hours sleep. This, of course, was injurious to her health, and she was advised by her teachers not to devote herself so assiduously to her studies, but be content with recitations not quite so perfect; but this she could not do. She could not feel at ease unless she thorougly and perfectly understood the studies she pursued; and writing occupied so much of her time, that she was obliged to devote the remainder to her lessons, or they would be neglected.

After entering the last term, and finding that her labors would be so arduous, our parents, with myself, earnestly advised her to attend another term before graduating. She therefore consulted Professor King, who (although he did not wish her to study too hard) thought that it might be uncertain about his remain-



After graduating with the highest honors, she returned home, her health being quite impaired, although she had no symptoms of the disease with which she died; but she gradually became better, and devoted her time to writing and copying for publication, with light exercise around the house, and walking in the open air.

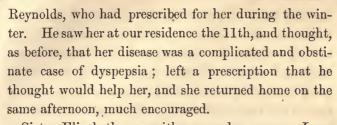
While writing "Jane McCrea," she was not well, not being able to sleep much. When writing long poems, much of the time she would not feel the inspiration of writing; therefore it was very difficult, and affected her health. Sometimes she would spend a whole day without writing more than one or two lines, and at others, she would compose fifty or more with but little apparent effort; although there was always a reaction, and she would not feel as well as when not writing. I think she was never well after composing the poem written for the semi-centennial celebration at Moreau; as she was very anxious concerning it. She always thought but little of her poems: her mark of perfection was set very high, and she rarely reached it. Last

winter she referred to "Jane McCrea," and remarked that she had not done justice to the subject, and ought not to have written it. Her religious enjoyments, after uniting with the Methodist church at Fort Edward, which she did soon after commencing to attend school there, were bright and serene, and she always was faithful in her attendance on the class and prayer meetings; her voice always proclaiming her love of the Saviour.

The little that we have of her private religious journal-she having destroyed the most of it-gives abundant evidence of her devotional frame of mind. She attended the semi-centennial celebration of the presidency of Dr. Nott, of Union College, with Mr. Fradenburgh and myself, in July, 1858, and was much pleased, as she had never been at Union College before. Although she was not very well during the summer of 1858, yet there did not appear to be any thing seriously the matter, until late in the autumn, when she commenced vomiting at intervals. A physician was consulted, who pronounced it dyspepsia, and gave her medicine that relieved her in a measure. She visited Saratoga Springs the latter part of December, and although not very well, she was some better than she had been, and continued about the same until the middle of January, when she commenced daily vomiting again, and nothing could be done to relieve it. rode out a great deal, as she felt much better after riding, if she did not ride far enough to fatigue her much.

She visited me the 8th of March, in order to see Dr.





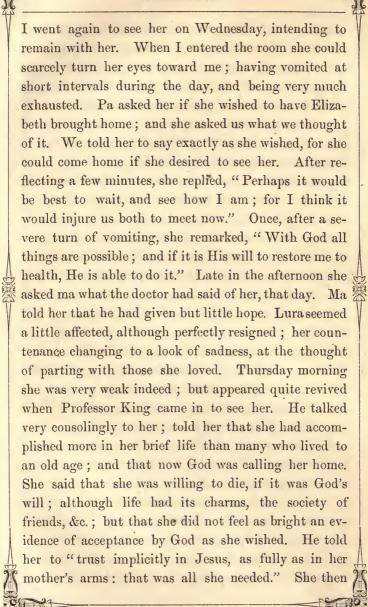
Sister Elizabeth was with us, and never saw Lura again. Pa came out in two weeks, March 26th, and informed us that she had been failing, and was then very weak indeed, mostly confined to her bed. The following week Dr. Ferguson, of Glens Falls, saw her, and thought, with Dr. R., that dyspepsia was the cause of her illness. Medicine did not relieve her in the least. and she continued growing worse. We visited her on the 6th of April, and were shocked to find her so ill, and so emaciated. When I entered her room, and went to her, she clasped her arms around my neck and drew me to her breast, as if she had feared she never would see me again. Oh, those precious moments, when we could see her and converse with her, gone, never to return; when we saw her beaming smile, and heard her in cheerful, though feeble, tones saying she would soon be well, and could come and see our lonely invalid sister! We feared very much that her disease was of a more serious nature than dyspepsia; yet we had strong hopes that it was not, and if not, she thought with us, that something would be done to help her; as dyspepsia is not considered a dangerous disease, though an unpleasant and distressing one. The Saturday following our visit, Dr. Reynolds visited her

for the first. He strongly feared that there was a schirrous state of the stomach, as the remedies prescribed had not relieved her, and if this was the case there was no help for her; neither could there have been, even if known in the commencement of her illness. We visited her again on Monday, and found her much weaker than before, though very cheerful; too weak to converse much.

We could talk but little to her on subjects connected with her departure hence, as it would cause her to vomit.

She felt that she had not been as faithful to God as she might have been, and she remarked, "Oh, if I ever get well again, I will serve the Lord better than I ever have !" a very natural feeling, when we view the boundless love and mercy of the Saviour, and our own unworthiness. Although she had some doubts and fears of her future happiness, caused doubtless by her disease, they were all dispelled before she died, and the smile of God shone brightly around her, giving her the peace that passeth understanding; and she felt that she could trust her all in the hands of the Lord. Dr. Reynolds, and Dr. Norton, of Fort Edward, met there on Tuesday, and found she had felt a tumor in her stomach, from the outside, on Sunday; and this confirmed Dr. R.'s opinion that it was a cancer in the stomach; therefore every vestige of hope was removed. The tumor was so situated as to prevent her receiving scarcely any nourishment from her food, and she was literally starving; although not suffering from the pangs of hunger.





became so exhausted that he left the room. During the afternoon she appeared better than on the previous day; as she did not vomit much. Her distress, when vomiting, was very great, as she was so weak that she could not raise her head from the pillow, scarcely having strength to vomit; but she was extremely patient, not once intimating, by word or action, that she wished it otherwise. She also had sinking turns, after vomiting, when it required constant attention to revive her. Those that attended her said they had never seen a person in so much distress; and her patience and gentleness was remarked by all that saw her. Her countenance, when at rest, was as serene as a babe's. When asked if she loved Jesus, she invariably replied "yes;" and once during the day she said, "I believe I will let it all rest with the Lord, and not worry any more." At the dawn of day, on Friday morning, her last on earth, as I was sitting by her bedside, a robin caroled his morning song near the window. After it had ceased, for some minutes, she exclaimed, "How sweet that bird sings!" The melody must have lingered in her ears. She often spoke, during her illness, of the beautiful spring time, as she looked out of the window from her bed; and on the Sunday previous to her death she said, "I shall soon be out with the birds."

Sweet girl! she was indeed out with them soon, but it was "low in the ground," and they were hymning a requiem over her resting place. She longed to be out of doors in the fresh air, and pa carried her out in his arms only a week before she died. A beautiful bou-



quet of flowers was brought her by a friend, on Thursday, and as they were placed by her bedside, she would inhale their fragrance, again and again exclaiming, "How sweet they are!"

On Friday morning I said to her, "You would hardly wish to recover now, to pass through this again. would you Lura?" She replied "no," emphatically. We thought she would not live through another night, and we could not wish her sufferings to be prolonged; although those last moments were so precious. sweet peace diffused itself over her countenance, and when her eyes were closed, she seemed to be silently lifting her heart in prayer. Although she did not vomit as much as usual through the day, when she did, or was turned in bed, she became so exhausted that it was with the utmost exertion that she was revived. Professor King visited her again in the morning, and read some passages in the bible to her, and prayed with She requested him to preach her funeral sermon, as he rose to leave, and he turned to the door with the tears flowing down his cheeks. Once she said to me, "There is a great deal I wish to say to you; but I am so weak I cannot talk." I replied, that if it was concerning herself, perhaps strength would be given her to say what she desired; but if it related to us, although we would love to hear it, it would make no difference.

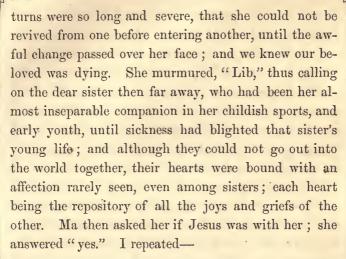
· She said but little through the day; but all that she did say showed plainly that she felt that she was going home to Heaven.

I think that she said more to you in those brief



moments that you saw her, than during the three days preceding her departure. She said, shortly after, "Judge Hay has been one of my best friends." Again she said, "I am afraid I have been too ambitious concerning my writings." I assured her that it was right to have a laudable ambition in any thing that would do good; that it would not succeed without this; and that she had always had a very humble estimate of her writings; it being right for her to make the best use of the talents God had given her.

At 6 o'clock, after being moved, a great change passed over her countenance; the hue of death stealing around her mouth, her hands and feet cramping, and it being very difficult to revive her again. But at length she became more easy, and as pa sat on one side of her bed, and I on the other, she took one hand of each in one of hers, and softly said, "It will soon cease;" while her countenance beamed with heavenly peace. Again, while pa and ma sat beside her, she said, "How sweet it is." Later in the evening, while holding her hand in mine, she exclaimed, "We will soon be together." I replied, "Yes, Lura, I will strive to live a christian life, that we may spend an eternity of bliss together." A seraphic smile beamed over her face as she answered, "yes." I talked to her of Heaven, of the friends she would meet there, and of the fleetness of time; at the most it would not be long before we should meet her, if faithful: to all of which she serenely assented. She whispered many times, "We shall soon be together." About 9 o'clock, after being turned in bed, her sinking



"Jesus can make a dying bed Feel soft as downy pillows are;"

and she bowed her head in the affirmative. She then whispered, "Ma," the last word she uttered; although she moved her lips, without uttering a sound, seeming anxious to say something more.

I soon after asked her, if she felt that she would soon enter Heaven, to raise her hand; she did so, and soon ceased to breathe, without a struggle or a groan, at a quarter past eleven o'clock.

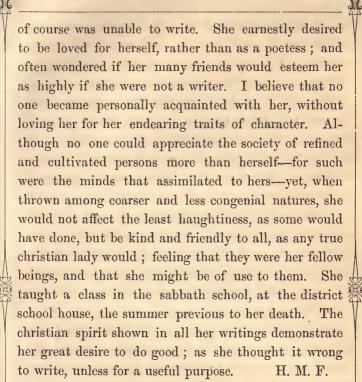
O, could we have then lifted the veil, and have seen her spirit wafted through the portals of eternity, accompanied by the holy angels, into the arms of our blessed Saviour, how joyful our mourning souls would have been in that trying hour!

But we could only see with the eye of faith; yet we know that she is among the blessed, for our bible is full of precious promises to those that love and serve our Saviour on earth; and by the fruits that she manifested on earth, we know that she reigns in Heaven. Oh may we be faithful, and meet her there!

Thus ended her brief life, like the cool and dewy morn of a cloudless summer day; for she had experienced but little of the various ills of life. And it is a comfort, in our great affliction, to think that she left us while life looked beautiful to her, ere she had stood by the bedside of dying friends, or was left to mourn their loss; for the fleeting pleasures of earth that she could have enjoyed, are not to be compared with the happiness she now enjoys, where her immortal mind, that could never have been satisfied with earthly things, can expand and reach hights of knowledge unknown on earth.

She was a loving and affectionate daughter, earnestly desiring to be an aid to her parents, in their declining years, through the labors of her pen. And we, her sisters, feel the loss of her loving companionship more than words can tell; as our triple chain is broken, and we each have but an only sister now.

Her love and gratitude for those who have assisted her in the success of her writings by their influence, and toward you, especially, who have assisted her pecuniarily, and by your influence, far more than any one, was very great indeed. I know that she suffered much anxiety, last winter, with regard to writing an addition to "Jane McCrea;" fearing that she would wound your feelings by omitting; although she



RECOLLECTIONS BY HER MOTHER.

Our beloved child was born in Moreau, May 2d, 1835; a beautiful May flower, come to cheer us in the time of singing birds; a tender and delicate babe, so gentle and loving through all her short life. She had a very sensitive, tender heart, and it would always grieve her to injure the feelings of any one; very timid and retir-

ing herself, but a great observer of people and things about her.

She had an exquisite love for the beautiful in nature. Although possessing a very slender constitution, she was a child that gave but little trouble. Quiet and unobtrusive in her manners, very conscientious and fearful of giving offense, is it any thing remarkable that a child of her disposition should be easy to govern?

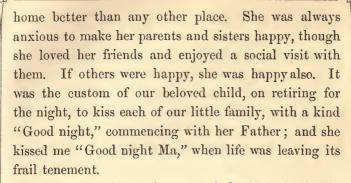
In any thing she considered wrong, she was firm and unyielding.

Poetry was part of her being, and very early in life she commenced writing for amusement; every bit of paper that came in her possession, without distinction of color or texture, being written over with her composition, as she called it.

Lura was a child of nature. With what rapture she would watch the glory of a gorgeous sunset! Oh how often she has come running in—her eyes sparkling like diamonds, and her whole countenance radiant with joy—and exclaiming, "O ma, come and see how beautiful it is! see the tinted clouds, and how grand those mountains in the distance look—the clear blue waters of the majestic river, (meaning the Hudson,) is it not beautiful?"

Most of her early productions were composed at the close of day; indeed, it was seldom in after life that she could compose in the forepart of the day. Some of her best pieces were written in the night, in her wakeful moods.

Lura was a very affectionate child, and loved her



She always, when at home, read the bible for family prayer, and often led in prayer herself. The last time that she did so, (only a few weeks before her death,) she seemed much affected, and closed with the petition that we might meet, an unsevered family, in Heaven. She was a sweet singer; loving to sing sacred songs and hymns; and about two weeks before her death (not having sung for some time) she sang, in feeble though melodious tones, while sitting up a short time, a few stanzas of the hymn,

"Our Lord doeth all things well."

The last time that she attended church—the first sabbath in February last—she said in class meeting, "I feel the sweet assurance in my heart that I love God,"

I can write no more; though we know our beloved is in Heaven, our

"Hearts are aching, Bleeding, breaking, In the shadow of the tomb."

H. J. Boies.



BIRTHS.

Jerome Boies, born June 27, 1806. Hannah J. Boies, born March 7th, 1806. Triphena E. Boies, born Feb. 16th, 1827. Helen M. Boies, born July 5th, 1829.* Mary E. Boies, born Feb. 29th, 1832.† Lura A. Boies, born May 2d, 1835.

HELEN M. FRADENBURGH, born Dec. 16, 1849.‡ Lura Fradenburgh, born Feb. 25, 1856.§

DEATHS.

TRIPHENA E. Boies, died Feb. 13th, 1828."

* Mrs. Fradenburgh. : "Baby Helen. [Ante, p. 156.]

† The "Invalid Sister." [Ante, p. 137.]

† The "Little Namesake." [Ante, p. 89.]

Literary Bemains.

"Oh! stream of life—The violet blooms
But once beside thy bed;
But one brief Sümmer o'er thy path
The dews of Heaven are shed.
The parent-fountains shrink away,
And close their crystal veins;
And where the glittering current ran,
The dust alone remains."

DIFFERENT, IN EVERY RESPECT, ARE THE

Literary Remains of Lura Inna Boies.

As emanations from a "living soul,"
With power of rising to that source's height,
They may be likened to "Siloa's brook
That flowed fast by the oracle of God."

"Then grieve not thou, to whom the indulgent Muse "Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire;
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
The imperial banquet, and the rich attire:
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined?
No; let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resigned;
Ambition's groveling crew for ever left behind."

BEATTIE'S MINSTREL.

LITERARY REMAINS.

THE TWO MAIDENS.

AT the close of a beautiful day in the year 1776, two girls might have been seen wending their way towards a large forest that lined the banks of the Hudson. elder of the girls appeared to be about seventeen years of age, while the fair young creature that bounded by her side could scarcely have been more than fifteen. They ascended a beautiful hill that lay at the entrance of the forest, and gazed in silence on the lovely scene that opened to their view. Stretching far beneath them on one side, lay the waters of the noble Hudson, sparkling and flashing in the rays of the setting sun; while on the other, the trees of the forest reared their proud heads, and gently waved their long banners in the The banks on the opposite side of the Hudson were interspersed with white cottages, embowered in trees and flowers; while a tiny boat silently glided up the river, adding beauty to the scene. The two girls gazed in silence for a moment, when the elder, whom we will call Lily Gordon, said, "Come, Ella, had we

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not better return; the shades of evening are approaching, and it is not safe to wander far from home, in these troublous times, without a protector." "Oh! fie, Lily," said the wayward girl, "there can certainly be no danger; the savages, if that is to what you allude, may be a hundred miles from here, for aught we know. Come, seat yourself on this flowery hillock, and let us enjoy this lovely scene a while longer." She had scarcely ceased speaking, when a deathly palor overspread her face; and she pointed towards some object, as yet unseen by her companion, while she uttered, in a voice of startling energy, "Lily! look there: an Indian!" "Yes, gentle maiden, an Indian!" hissed the savage-"a most dear revenge is yet to be satiated; and you, Ella Mordant, must be the victim." Saying this, he lifted the form of the terrified girl in his arms, and plunged into the deep recesses of the forest.

With your permission, gentle reader, we will now retrace our steps, as the intricate windings of our narrative demand that we should give a few leading points in the history of those to whom our story relates.

William Gordon and Robert Mordant had formed an intimacy in early life, and they now resided a short distance from each other, on the banks of the Hudson. Mr. Mordant had but one child, Ella Mordant; while his friend had a son and daughter, the latter whom we have introduced to the reader. Francis Gordon, the brother of Lily, was to leave his home the next week to fight for his country. A few days previous to the time our story commences, Mr. Mordant, on returning

from a neighboring town, was waylaid by a savage, and a deadly struggle ensued. Mr. Mordant succeeded in wounding him, and then left him; the savage vowing to have revenge on him or his family. Too well had he put his threat into execution; for it was he that captured the unsuspecting Ella. We will now resume the thread of our narrative.

The feelings of Lily Gordon, as she saw her friend borne off in the arms of a ruthless savage, may better be imagined than described. She arose from the bank on which she was seated, pressed her hand to her brow, as if to more fully realize the scene she had witnessed; and as all that had transpired came rushing back upon her mind with overwhelming force, she sank half senseless on the seat from which she had arisen. She soon regained her composure, and knowing that every moment spent in useless lamentation would endanger the life of her friend, she hurriedly retraced her steps to her father's cottage, and, breathless with haste, related the scene she had witnessed.

The feelings of Mr. and Mrs. Mordant, as they heard of the capture of their daughter, were agonizing beyond description. They had been anxiously awaiting the return of Ella for a long time; and when they saw Mr. Gordon approaching the cottage with a hurried step, a terrible foreboding rushed upon their minds, and they were nearly overpowered with their emotions. They met Mr. Gordon at the door and hurriedly inquired for their child, and with suspended breath listened to the details of the capture.

In less than an hour after Lily's return, a band of brave young men, with Francis Gordon for their leader, started in pursuit of the captured maiden.

The feelings of Ella Mordant, as she was hastily borne through the forest in the arms of the savage, were painful in the extreme. She knew, by the fearful words of the Indian, that she need expect no mercy from him; so she resolved to calmly await her fate, and put her trust in the Being who is the guardian of the innocent. They pursued their way through the thickets of the forest, and at length arrived at the encampment of the Indians.

The savage that had captured Ella appeared to be the chief of the tribe; and after placing her in a wigwam, with a sufficient guard against her escape, he thus addressed his men:

"Brave men of the forest! shall we tamely yield to the pale-face, who is fast despoiling us of our lands? shall we never more be free to roam through the forest of our fathers, or shall we strike for our lawful rights? It was but a few days since, that your chief was basely wounded by the father of the pale-faced squaw in yonder wigwam. The Great Spirit cries for revenge! the brave spirits of our fathers cry for revenge! and shall they be denied? Braves! will you see your chief basely wounded by the hand of the pale-faced coward, without striking one blow to avenge his wrongs?" "No!" was the response that burst from a hundred savage lips; "the pale-faced squaw shall die by the hand of the red man." "Enough," said the chief, with a satisfied air,

"the white man cannot trace the track of the Indian to-night; and before the sun shall again set over the graves of our fathers, the daughter of the pale-face shall be silent in the sleep of death." The savages then lay down on the leafy couches, and were soon wrapped in repose.

Ella had listened with breathless interest to the words of the chief, and, when her doom was pronounced, she clasped her hands in agony, and implored her Creator to save her from the cruel hands of the savages. Her thoughts turned to her father's cottage; she pictured the agony of her parents, and the grief of her friends, when they heard of the capture; then the noble form of Francis Gordon rose up before her view, and she wept tears of anguish at the thought of never seeing her friends again. A few hours before, she had left her father's cottage with her friend Lily, a happy, joyous maiden, and where was she now? In the heart of a dense forest, surrounded by savages, with a guard at her door, and no hopes of escape. Sad, indeed, were the thoughts of the guileless young girl as all these scenes rushed upon her mind, and she leaned against her rude couch for support.

While indulging in these melancholy reflections, with her beautiful face bowed in her hands, and her eloquent eyes suffused with tears, a slight noise, which appeared to be behind her, attracted her attention; she hastily turned around, and beheld the handsome features of Francis Gordon before her. Putting his finger to his lips in token of silence, he gently lifted her in his arms and



bore her from the wigwam to his men, who were anxiously awaiting his return. Ella was placed on a fleet steed, and they were soon beyond the pursuit of the savages.

Mr. Mordant and Mr. Gordon went to the entrance of the forest to await the coming of the little band, and learn the success of their adventure. The red streaks of morning had appeared in the east, when they heard the distant tramp of footsteps. They hastily entered the forest, for the feelings of the agonized father would not permit him to wait for their arrival. Words cannot paint the joy of Mr. Mordant, when he saw his daughter and pressed her to his heart.

They soon arrived at the entrance of the forest and cast their eyes towards their homes. What a scene was presented to their view! Instead of the neat cottage and joyous faces that they expected would meet their gaze, there was nothing but a blackened mass of smoking ruins, and not a human form in sight. Half frantic with this new calamity, they explored the burning ruins; but as they saw nothing of their friends, this led them to suppose that they were captured. Leaving Ella at the house of a friend three miles distant, they again prepared to explore the forest, with the addition of sixty men to their small band.

While Mrs. Mordant, her friends and Lily, were anxiously awaiting the return of their friends, they were startled by the shrill war-whoop of the Indians, and the cottage was soon in flames. They were then firmly bound, with the exception of Lily, who was guarded by

a tall Indian, and then borne from the burning tenement by the savages, and both cottages were soon destroyed. Their feelings, as they saw their beautiful homes, in which they had spent so many happy hours, despoiled by the rude hand of the red man, were painful beyond description. They were hurried through the forest at a rapid pace, and were nearly overcome with fatigue, when some object intercepted their progress, which proved to be an enormous bear; and in the confusion of the moment, when each one was striving to kill it, Lily contrived to escape, unnoticed by the Indians. They soon succeeded in despatching the animal, and then resumed their march, unconscious of the escape of Lily.

When the tramp of their footsteps had subsided, she turned to flee to her ruined home to await the arrival of her friends, and tell them the direction the Indians had taken. Wholly unacquainted with that part of the forest, she knew not which way to turn; and after vainly endeavoring to find a path that would lead her from the wilderness, she sank down exhausted at the foot of a tree, and relieved her over-burthened heart in a flood of tears. She was soon startled by a slight noise, and turning to look in the direction from whence it proceeded, she beheld a handsome young man, dressed in the uniform of an American soldier. A silence of some minutes ensued, which was at length broken, by the young man gracefully apologizing for intruding upon her so suddenly; saying that he was on his way to the American camp, and had lost his path in the

wilderness. Lily had by this time recovered the use of her truant tongue, and knowing that as he was an American soldier she had nothing to fear, she related all that had befallen her since the capture of her friend. With flashing eye and indignant mien, the young man listened to the persecutions of the fair maiden and her family; and when she had finished her short account, he exclaimed, "Will the cloud that rests over our country never be dispersed? Shall proud England continue to trample over the brave hearts of America? No! The prayers of the widow and the tears of the orphan are not unheeded by the Ruler of mankind. Freedom will surely triumph, and America shall soon cease to struggle with the galling chains that bind her." "Yes," said Lily, "the struggle has been long and desperate, and many brave hearts have sold their blood to gain the victory; and though we are enveloped in darkness, I trust that Peace will again resume her station in the country which she has forsaken." "If you are not too much exhausted with your night's march, we will endeavor to thread our way through the depths of this apparently impenetrable wilderness; for I long to lend my feeble aid in behalf of the glorious cause of freedom and our country," said the young soldier, when Lily had ceased speaking. "It is with the greatest pleasure that I embrace your proposal," said she, "for I know not where to look for my scattered family, and perhaps if we could find a path that would lead us from this wilderness, I could find some clue by which to trace them."



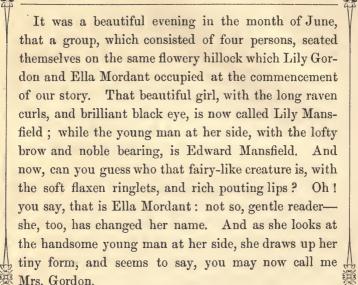
We will now leave them threading their way through the forest, and turn to those who are exploring it.

Onward, onward, with fleet steps and anxious hearts, they pursued their toilsome march; and night had again drawn its starry curtains around the earth, when they arrived at the encampment of the Indians. The fight that ensued was long and desperate; but with the resolve to conquer or die, the little band came off victorious.

Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Mordant could in no way account for the mysterious disappearance of Lily, and the brave men that comprised the band resolved to start the next day in pursuit of her. They regained the entrance of the forest just as Lily and her companion had arrived at her ruined home.

I will not attempt to describe the meeting between them; for it would be useless to exert my feeble powers in a scene that can better be imagined than described. Lily introduced her companion to them as Edward Mansfield, and then related her adventures in the forest. The joy of the light-hearted girl, Ella, when she saw her friends approaching the house in which they had left her, exceeded all bounds. The following day Edward Mansfield and Francis Gordon started for the American camp.

Kind reader, we will pass over to the time when America had burst the chains that bound her, and proudly waved her star-spangled banner, to proclaim that she was once more free.

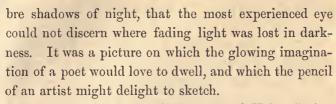


HELEN IRVING:

OR, A SISTER'S INFLUENCE

CHAPTER I.

It was the peaceful twilight of a Summer's day. The brilliant hues of a cloudless sunset still lingered over the earth, and the western sky irradiated by the dying beams of an August sun, like a waveless sea of molten gold, glowed resplendent in the softened gloom of twilight. The last beams of daylight yet lingered over forest and hill, seemingly loth to depart; and so delicately were the sunset beams interwoven with the som-



Long had the beauty-loving eye of Helen Irving rested upon the changing scene; and now, as the lengthened shadows of night were drawn more closely around the earth, and caused a deeper glow to rest on the stately trees that shaded her uncle's splendid residence, a feeling of indescribable sadness stole over her senses, and a troubled, anxious look disturbed the usual composure of her lovely features, proclaiming her thoughts to be of a painful nature. As she became more deeply absorbed in thought, the wonted brilliancy of her dark eve assumed a softer light; and the meditations that occupied her mind, fell from her lips in murmurs soft as the breath of evening which now floated through the open window, and lifted the dark curls from her feverish brow. "Alas! I tremble when I think of what may He is now about to go forth into a wide be his fate. and sinful world, with no one to restrain his passions, or warn him when inclined to yield to temptation. is true, he has a noble and generous nature; and I have often heard him express his disapprobation of the vices and follies of those that attend some of our most popular institutions, but-"

Her soliloquy was here interrupted by the entrance of her brother, a tall, handsome youth of some seven-







teen or eighteen years. Observing the look of sadness that rested on his sister's features, he said—

"Why so sad to-night, dear Helen? Pray, what all-engrossing subject has caused so dark a cloud to gather on the fair brow of my beautiful sister?"

"The all-engrossing subject that occupied my mind," she replied, "was yourself."

"An important one, truly," answered he laughingly; "but am I so repulsive to your thoughts, as to cause so dark a shade to gather on your brow!"

"Certainly not, dear Edward; but I was thinking that to-morrow is the appointed day for your departure."

"Surely, it had nearly escaped my memory; but I trust that the agreeable company of Ernest Clifford will amply compensate for the loss of mine."

"I was thinking, Edward," she replied, not apparently noticing his last remark, "of the tempt——;" she hesitated, as if at a loss how to proceed.

"Speak on, Helen, it is the last evening we shall spend together in a long, long time; then let no feeling of false timidity interrupt the free interchange of thought that has ever existed between us."

"Perhaps you will deem my fears groundless, but I was thinking of the temptations which will probably surround you in the new sphere of action, in which you are about to move; and knowing your youth and inexperience, I feared that you might yield to vicious influences."

"It is true that I am both young and inexperienced, but I trust that I have sufficient natural strength of



character to enable me not to be swayed to and fro by every passing breath."

"Ah, my dear brother, I fear that you place too much confidence in your own strength. Remember that vice often assumes the form of virtue, and that temptation will assail you in its most alluring form. And oh! Edward, if you cherish the memory of her who was the guide and counsellor of our early years, never, I beseech you, raise the sparkling wine cup to your lips! When you are tempted, think of the hour, the never-to-be-forgotten hour, when our sainted mother placed her pale, emaciated hand upon your head, and solemnly entreated you to shun all intoxicating drinks as you would the breath of a foul demon, designing to destroy your present and eternal happiness—think of the look of deep and untold anguish that rested on her pallid features, as she alluded to the blight that had failen on our once happy home; that had embittered her life, and at length brought her to an untimely grave think of that dark hour, and remember that our noble and gifted father died the death of a DRUNKARD!"

The fire of an unusual energy flashed from the dark eye of Helen Irving as she spoke, and her voice was tremulous with emotion. Edward had never before seen his sister so excited; and feeling most deeply the force of her remarks, he mentally resolved never to wound that sister's gentle nature, by yielding to temptation. Ah! how little did he know the weakness of his own heart!



In commencing a new chapter, we will relate a few particulars in the past history of the persons whom we have somewhat abruptly introduced to the reader.

A few years before the time our story opens, Mr. Irving had fallen a victim to intemperance, and his broken hearted wife soon after followed him to the grave, thus leaving Helen friendless and alone, in the large and densely populated city of C——.

Mr. Melville, a wealthy, good natured old bachelor, who resided in the "Empire State," and who was the only brother of Mrs. Irving, on receiving tidings of his sister's death, immediately hastened to the bereaved orphans, and offered his roof as a shelter to their now homeless heads. From that day his dwelling had been to them a peaceful home, and they looked upon him as a second parent, though the painful scenes of the past could never be effaced from the memory of Helen, who at the time of her parents' death had numbered but twelve summers, Edward being two years her junior.

Mr. Melville had allowed no expense to be spared on the education of his niece and nephew. At the time our story commences, the latter was about entering a celebrated literary institution, in order to complete a course of studies that would fit him for any profession that he might desire to follow.

We will now resume the broken thread of events, and accompany Edward to the stately edifice, where is con-





tained some of America's best and most splendid specimens of literature. With high hopes and brilliant dreams of future fame and glory, he entered the proud halls of science, resolved to bend his most powerful energies to the noble pursuit of learning, in order to render himself worthy of that pure fount of affection, that flowed from the heart of his gentle, yet talented and high-souled sister.

Various were the temptations to which he was daily exposed, and many the attempts made by a company of dissipated young men to entice him into their snares; but the memory of that loved sister, like a guardian angel, served to shield him from the allurements of vice. Oft, when the wine cup was raised to his lips, as he peered down into its ruby depths, a dark eye seemed sorrowfully bent upon him, and these words glittered in characters of light before him, as if legibly stamped upon the glowing surface-"Oh, Edward, if you cherish the memory of her who was the guide and counsellor of our early years, never, I beseech you, raise the sparkling wine cup to your lips!" It was enough: in many a fearful hour these words saved him; and purified by temptation, he daily grew in the love and esteem of his tutors, and promised fair to become a bright ornament to his country, and an honor to his name. Ah! how little did he know the dark scenes he had yet to pass through, ere the dreams that thronged his mind in bright perspective, were to be realized! But we will not anticipate.

Being, one evening, in the company of a dissolute

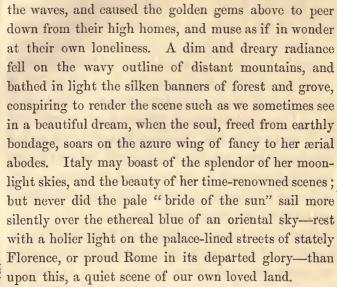
young man, his guardian angel deserted him; and in this, the darkest hour of trial, he yielded to temptation. One glass taken, he felt no compunction in draining the contents of another; and, in the silent darkness of the midnight hour, he staggered to his room in a state of beastly intoxication. We will not dwell on the degrading scenes that marked his downward career; but suffice it to say, that from that night he became dissipated and unsteady in his habits, and daily grew more deficient in his studies. In a few short weeks he and a number of his vile associates were expelled from the institution.

Where, now, were the hopes that dawned so sweetly upon him when he entered the pillared halls of science? Where the wild fancies that thronged his mind, when he stood on the marble steps of his uncle's stately mansion, and bade his sister adieu?

CHAPTER III.

"I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow;
Theirs was the soft tone and the groundless tread.
Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow;
They stood between the living and the dead.
And if my sight by earthly dimness hindered,
Beheld no hovering cherubim in air,
I doubted not, for spirits knew their kindred,
They smiled upon the wingless watchers there."

Night, calm and beautiful, had once more folded her starry wings over a sleeping world. Silently onward glided the noble Hudson, reflecting beneath its blue waters the broad arch of Heaven, dotted with countless millions of starry islands, which glistened from beneath



Helen Irving again stood by the recess of an open window and looked upon the broad dome of Heaven; but this time she heeded not its beauties, for her thoughts were far, far away with her absent brother. With the glossy ringlets of her dark hair wreathed back in graceful folds from off the high, pale brow, the soft eye upraised in tearless agony to Heaven, she seemed more like a statue of Parian marble, than a being endowed with life and motion. But why does she stand so pale and immovable? Why does that look of anguish rest upon the faultlessly chiseled features? The soft moonlight streaming through the open window falls upon an open letter, and with your consent, dear reader, we will glance at its contents, as they may serve to explain the mystery.

"My dear Sister:—You will upbraid me—yes, you will curse me in your heart, when you read these lines, and I justly merit your displeasure. Cruelly, most cruelly, have I deceived you; and while you fondly dreamed that I was winning bright laurels from the wreath of fame, how little did you know the sad reality! But I will keep you no longer in suspense; and humiliating as is the thought that you, pure and guileless as you are, should know of my disgrace, yet I feel that I must tell you all—yes, from the dark hour when first I yielded to the debasing influences of intoxication, to the present scenes of sorrow and suffering.

Many times the remembrance of your gentle counsels shielded me from the polluting breath of vice; but on one occasion temptation assailed me in its most alluring form, and in an unguarded moment I yielded, and fell. I will not dwell upon the revolting scenes that followed; suffice it to say, that they finally terminated in my disgraceful departure from the halls of learning, together with those who beguiled me from the path of virtue. Guilty and degraded as I was, I dared not meet the holy gaze of one so pure and guileless as yourself; and yielding to the urgent entreaties of one of my companions, I repaired with him to his father's residence in Philadelphia, where I have since remained. The liberal supplies of money furnished me by my uncle, before I was expelled from college, have enabled me to lead a course of life at which, in the days of my innocence, I should have shuddered; and so sad have been the effects of dissipation upon my constitu-



tion, that I am at length prostrated upon a bed of sickness and suffering, far, far away from my own loved home.

Mary Howard, the sister of my friend, has attended me during the days of my illness; and oft, as I gaze into the spiritual depths of her earnest eyes, and mark the cloud of sadness that gathers on her brow at the mention of her brother's name, I seem once more to be in the presence of my absent sister—I seem once more to hear thy gentle tones—and, in the agony of my heart, I call on God to smite me to the earth in justice.

Farewell, dear Helen, I can write no more, for my brain is reeling, and my hand grows weak; leave me to my fate, and forget your erring but now penitent brother,

EDWARD."

"Never will I desert him as long as life shall last! The language of his letter breathes repentance, and he may yet be reclaimed from the error of his ways." Such were the thoughts of Helen Irving as she read the above lines; and now, as she looked forth in the calm moonlight, she silently implored the aid of Heaven in assisting her in the discharge of the duty which she owed her brother. The ensuing morning this noble-hearted girl started for Philadelphia, and in the space of a few short hours she stood by her brother's bedside. But he who was wont to welcome her with a smile, now lay unconscious of her presence; for reason had deserted her throne, it was feared never more to return. Wildly she pressed her lips to his burning brow and called upon his name, but

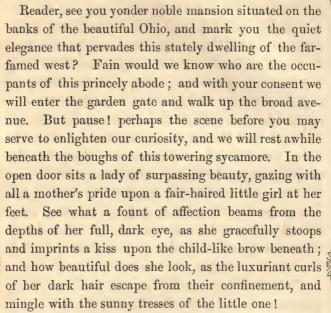
he heeded not the music of those syren tones which had ever won their way to his heart, and to which it had been his delight to listen. Oh! who can tell the grief that pierced that sister's heart, as she bent in speechless agony over his couch, and listened to the incoherent sentences that fell from his lips, as with the observing eye of love she marked the dew of agony gather on his noble brow, and saw the wild light of delirium dim the brilliancy of his dark eye. Oft were the tears of Mary Howard mingled with those of this devoted girl, and their prayers for Edward's recovery were offered to the throne of Grace. Days and nights of ceaseless watching passed away, and the crisis arrived that was to restore a brother to a sister's heart, or bear him to "death's dark door."

It was an hour of fearful anxiety. Helen Irving knelt by the sufferer's bedside, and Mary Howard silently glided from the apartment, fearful lest her very breath should disturb his short repose. The angels looked down in pity on the sorrowing hearts, and the sister's prayers were wafted to the gates of Heaven. Slowly the light of reason dawned upon the sufferer; and when he awoke from that fearful slumber, the wild fire of his eye was subdued in the light of returning consciousness. The first object that met his bewildered gaze, was the form of his kneeling sister. We will not dwell on the scene that followed. Suffice it to say, that tears of joy were mingled with those of deep repentance, and that hope once more dawned sweetly upon the inmates of that darkened chamber. Thoughts too deep for utterance

swelled the heart of Edward, as he witnessed his sister's untiring devotion; and oft, as she bathed his burning brow and held the cooling cup to his parched lips, he longed to breathe to her the remorse of his soul, and hear those gentle tones whisper the blest words of forgiveness; but perfect quiet was essential to his recovery, and he must wait till strength once more returned. At length kind Heaven blessed the efforts of our noble Helen, and Edward slowly recovered. Many were the happy days spent during his convalescence, and the conversations with which they beguiled the weary hours were pleasant. The promises of Edward to turn from his evil ways were fervently uttered, and at his sister's request he signed the pledge of total abstinence, thus showing his professions of amendment to be sincere.

Weeks passed unconsciously away, and when spring once more returned to gladden the earth with her smiles, Helen and Edward bade the gay city adieu, and sought the quiet retirement of their home on the banks of the Hudson, where they were cordially welcomed by Mr. Melville.

The balmy breath of spring, and the pure air of the country, soon restored Edward to his wonted health and vigor, and in a few weeks he again entered on a collegiate course of studies; but this time he yielded not to the surrounding temptations, for the scenes enacted in the sad drama of the past were ever before him. At the expiration of two years he left college, crowned with honors that exceeded his brightest expectations.



Reader, this lovely woman once bore the name of Helen Irving; but she is now the happy wife of Ernest Clifford, who has once before been alluded to, and who is every way worthy of the noble girl whom he "wooed and won" on the banks of the majestic Hudson. See! there he sits by the open window conversing with an elderly gentleman whom he addresses as "uncle," and whom you will not fail to recognize as Mr. Melville. This old and well-tried friend occasionally visits his niece in her western home, and beguiles many a weary hour in listening to the artless prattle of "little Helen."

We will now draw a veil over the happy scene, and betake our way to yonder lofty edifice, which the boughs





of this stately tree have before shielded from our obser-Here we are close by the yard fence; but hark! merry voices are borne upon the passing breeze, and we will peep through the branches of this clustering rose bush and view the joyous scene within. Two curly headed little urchins are twining a wreath of wild flowers, gathered from the blooming prairie, with which they are about to crown the brow of a fair lady, whom, if we mistake not, we have before seen in the character of Mary Howard. But time brings many changes, and our gentle Mary has long filled with grace, if not with dignity, her station as the wife of Judge Irving. The proud husband now sits on the front piazza, and views with pleasure the merry scene before him. A gleam of satisfaction lights his handsome features, as he gazes on the lovely group; and he gratefully acknowledged, that he owed his present happiness to a SISTER'S INFLUENCE.





OR THE EVILS OF COQUETRY.

"Why do you look so grave, dear aunt? I am sure there is no sin in a little harmless coquetry."

"Harmless coquetry! Oh! Kate, Kate, if you had witnessed the effects of what you style harmless coquetry, you would consign this scornful note to the flames, and never more seek to trifle with the heart of man."

"You are a strange woman, aunt Emma, and talk as though you were experienced in matters of the heart; but I will comply with your request, and burn this epistle, which was intended for Sidney Howard, only on one condition."

"Name it then, for I will do any thing for your happiness, which I fear you value too lightly; though if it were once lost," the speaker continued in a lower tone, "its worth would then be realized."

"Well, if you will relate to me your former history, which for several reasons I think must be very mysterious, I will do as you desire."

"The condition you name is a hard one, dear Catharine; and were it not to warn a young and inexperienced friend from the dangerous path that may lead to her ruin, nothing would tempt me to unfold that which



for years has slumbered within my bosom. But as I must first compose my mind, and calmly reflect on the events that I have vainly endeavored to erase from the page of memory, you will please wait till evening, and I will then relate to you a story that, I hope, may be deeply impressed upon your mind." Saying this, the speaker arose and left the room.

Before we proceed farther with our story, perhaps the reader would like to know more concerning the young girl who is left to muse on the mysterious words of her aunt.

Catharine, or, as she was more commonly called, Kate Willis, was the only daughter of a wealthy merchant who resided in the city of Philadelphia. Young and beautiful, she consequently had many admirers; and Sidney Howard, a wealthy and talented young lawyer, had succeeded in winning her affection. The morning our story commences she received a note from him, stating his passion for her, and requesting her hand in marriage, in terms of the deepest devotion. 'She was not blind to his noble qualities, and returned his love with a warmth and ardor with which a nature like her's is capable; but to teaze him, as she termed it in her mind, she had written a scornful reply, and was about to send it, when, her aunt entering the room, she read both epistles to her, after which the above conversation ensued. We will now return to our story.

When the appointed hour arrived, Kate sought the apartment of her aunt; and, seating herself on a low

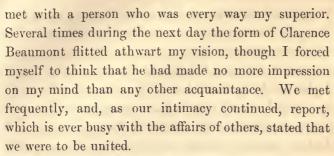


ottoman at her feet, she said, "Are you ready now, dear aunt, to relate the promised history?"

"Yes, Catharine; and as I suppose you are by this time getting impatient, I will proceed without further delay."

I was born in Georgia, where my father owned an extensive plantation, and often, in the sunny days of childhood, have I wandered over the broad and beautiful lands of his estate, my heart throbbing merrily with bright dreams of the future, alas, never to be realized! Your father and myself being the only children, we were expensively educated; and, at the age of sixteen, I had received, what is called, a finished education, When I attained the age of seventeen, I went to spend a few months with a wealthy aunt who resided in the pleasant village of A-, fifty miles distant from my father's residence. Being highly accomplished, young, and as my mirror told me, beautiful, I was the center of attraction in the quiet village, and was proud in the consciousness of my superiority over the dark-eyed maidens who, till my appearance in the place, had been called beautiful.

One evening, while at a social party given by a friend of my aunt, I met with Clarence Beaumont, a young man of high moral character, noble and generous disposition, and endowed with brilliant talents. We conversed together during the evening, and if I was delighted with his free and elegant manners, I was more so when engaged with him in conversation; and when we parted, my pride was humbled, for I felt that I had

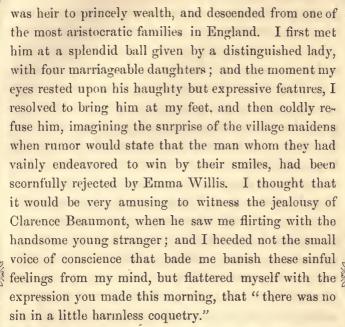


The summer months past quickly away on the fleet wings of time, and my aunt persuaded me to remain with her during the winter. At the close of a beautiful day in September I wandered to a small grove, a short distance from the village, and seated myself at the foot of a stately tree, to gaze on the many beauties presented to my view. Slowly and majestically the sun had sunk behind the western hills, and naught now remained of his glory save a few light clouds, which his departing rays had penciled with gorgeous, yet delicately blended tints. A slight breeze gently waved the leafy canopy above my head, and a murmuring streamlet glided swiftly onward a short distance from me, reflecting in its silvery waters the fragrant flowers that embroidered its banks.

I had not been seated long, when a shrill whistle rang through the grove, and the next instant two noble dogs bounded by me, and were soon lost to my view by the intervening foliage of the trees. I thought it probable that some one was hunting in the grove, and again fell into a deep reverie, from which I was aroused by the same shrill sounds, and, raising my eyes from

the ground, the form of Clarence Beaumont was before me. He was attended by one of the dogs I have before alluded to, and the other presently issued from an opening in the trees and bounded to his side. In one hand he held a richly silver-chased rifle, while with the other he grasped a small whistle that was suspended from his neck, and from which proceeded the loud notes that had so unceremoniously interrupted my pleasant musings. I hastily arose to return to the village, but he respectfully requested me to remain, saying that he had long desired an interview with me. I seated myself upon a mossy bank a short distance from the tree above mentioned; and suffice it to say, that when I again arose, it was with a proud and happy heart, for a few weeks more would behold me the bride of Clarence Beaumont! It was now evening, and one by one the stars had unfolded their mild beauties, till thousands gemmed the glorious brow of night. A few feathery clouds floated silently in the azure expanse above, and the moon sailed majestically onward in her course, bathing the earth in a flood of silvery light. wended our way silently homeward, and parted at the door of my aunt's dwelling.

Time passed pleasantly, till within a few weeks appointed for our union; from which period commences the painful part of my history, which I will endeavor to relate in as brief a manner as possible. About this time a handsome young man entered the village and took lodgings at the hotel, exciting quite a sensation among the younger community, as it was said that he



Mr. Delwin, for such I had learned was the name of the haughty stranger, was attracted by my winning manners, and I soon succeeded in engaging him in a lively conversation. I perceived he was flattered by my attentions, and therefore experienced no uneasiness as to the success of my artful designs. But, as I have before said, I will relate this part of my history as briefly as possible. As our flirtation continued, it was whispered abroad that Clarence Beaumont was no longer the favored lover of Emma Willis, and that she was soon to be united to Mr. Delwin.

One night, when the twilight hour had drawn its pensive shadows over the earth, I strayed to the grove



before mentioned and sank upon the velvet bank, where Clarence Beaumont and I had interchanged vows of mingled love and constancy. My thoughts were of him; and as I reflected on the cold and haughty manner I had of late assumed towards him, my conscience keenly smote me for the part I had been acting, and I resolved to yield to its dictates, and appear in my true character hereafter. As I arrived at this period of thought, a slight sound caused me to look from the ground; and what was my astonishment, to see the subject of my thoughts before me! His face was very pale, and as he bent his proud dark eye sternly upon me, I for a moment quailed beneath his glance, and turned away to conceal my emotion. He seated himself by my side, and presently said: "Emma, I have sought an interview with you this evening, for the express purpose of asking you, if it be your intention to fulfill the solemn engagement you made to me some weeks since in this place? if so, I can forgive your late coldness, and we may vet be happy; if not, we must part." I was piqued at his abrupt manner, and replied sarcastically,

"It is very kind of you, Mr. Beaumont, to grant forgiveness before it is requested; and allow me to say, that I think it equally kind of you to spy the actions of one, whose love should never be doubted; and after forcing yourself into her presence, rudely demand an answer to as rude a question."

He appeared not in the least discomposed by this speech, but answered calmly:

"I think I am sufficiently justified in asking this

question; and as I do not feel inclined to trifle now, I hope you will answer it frankly." I proudly rose, and in tones trembling with rage, replied:

"Clarence Beaumont, you have proved, by your jealousy and ungentlemanly deportment during this interview, that you are utterly incapable of that deep and
trusting passion which alone can win the heart of Emma
Willis; and now you are free to go—for I desire to
enjoy the solitude for which I sought this quiet retreat,
not dreaming that I should be so unceremoneously interrupted by one who professed to be so devotedly attached to me." I paused—and never shall I forget the
look of agony that distorted his handsome features, as
grasping my hand convulsively he exclaimed, in tones
of deep emotion,

"Farewell, Emma, farewell forever! and that you may be happy, is the wish of him whom you have so deeply injured." A moment more and I was alone—alone, to realize the extent of my misery! The nightingale had long breathed her plaintive melody, ere I returned to the village; and when I at length arrived at the dwelling, which a few hours before I had left with a light step and happy heart, I immediately sought the retirement of my chamber, but not to enjoy

"Tired nature's sweet restorer,"

for the thoughts that crowded my mind were too painful to admit of a calm, refreshing slumber. All without appeared bright and beautiful; and as the earth lay calmly reposing in the pensive beams of the moon, which was now high in heaven, it seemed to harbor no

sorrow within its broad and peaceful bosom. But the beauties on which I had often gazed with delight, now seemed but a mockery to my fondest hopes—the hopes which I had crushed by my own thoughtless and unprincipled folly. Through the silent vigils of that long and weary night, I tossed restlessly upon my couch; and when at length the bright beams of the morning sun entered my casement, I arose, faint and ill, and on endeavoring to leave my apartment, I sank exhausted on the floor. I have but a confused recollection of hearing many voices, and of seeing the form of my aunt bending tenderly over me: after that, all is a fearful blank.

For weeks I tossed upon the feverish couch of delirium; and when I at length returned to consciousness, in the bitterness of my heart I longed to die, and lay my head within the silent grave, where earthly sorrow never troubles more. A few weeks passed away, and I returned to my early home; but the fond parents, who welcomed me with looks of love and affection, no longer recognized their bright and beautiful daughter, in the being who seemed brooding over some dark, mysterious sorrow. "Fair delusive Hope" never leaves the heart long in the gloom of despair; and as its soft whisperings bade me banish the grief that hung like an evil cloud around me, I in some measure recovered my former gaiety, and even dared to dream of future days of happiness spent with him, whom the flatterer told me I should meet again.

Three long years passed away, and I again went to

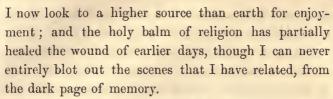
spend a few months at A One bright afternoon, several weeks after I had been there, my aunt entered the drawing room and requested me to accompany her to a ball, which I had previously told her I should not attend. As she insisted upon my going, I arose, and mechanically prepared to attire myself with the splendor befitting such an occasion. My toilet being at length completed, I glanced at the mirror, and as I viewed the beautiful image there reflected, I felt the pride of former days returning, and on entering the carriage that was to bear us to the scene of pleasure, I experienced a sensation of joy that had long been a stranger to my heart. We soon arrived at the place where youth and beauty were gathered; and as I entered the gay saloon, I banished sorrow from my mind, and mingled with the giddy throng—the gayest of the gay. At a late hour I arose from the piano, where I had long been seated, and stealing from the brilliant assembly, I wended my way to a small arbor situated in an adjoining garden—longing to cool my feverish brow, and for awhile enjoy the luxury of solitude. I had scarcely seated myself, ere I heard the sound of voices, and looking in the direction from whence they proceeded, I beheld a gentleman and lady approaching the quiet retreat in which I hoped to have remained undisturbed. Thinking that they would soon return to the scene of mirth and festivity within the mansion, I hastily concealed myself behind the surrounding shrubbery and quietly awaited their approach. As they

drew near the place of my concealment, I distinguished the following words uttered by the lady:

"And so I have at length beheld the beautiful being who possessed your only affections. Can it be possible that so fair an exterior conceals a false and treacherous heart?" I felt that these words were in some way connected with myself, but how or in what manner I knew not. Both individuals were visible from the place of my retreat, and gazing intently on the person of the gentleman, by the aid of the bright moonbeams, I distinguished the well known features of Clarence Beaumont. Repressing the emotions of agony that nearly overpowered me, I listened with breathless interest to the reply that fell from his lips.

"Yes, dear Florence, it is even so; and when by her own words I was forced to believe that the heart in which my deepest affections were centered was indeed false, I felt that the world contained no trust within its hollow-hearted bosom. After a long struggle between love and reason, the latter joyfully conquered, and I utterly banished from my thoughts a being who could remorselessly trifle with the affections of man; and on meeting with you, my gentle wife, I found a solace for all the mental agony I had endured during that long and bitter struggle."

He paused, and I waited to hear no more—for it was enough to know that he was lost to me for ever! Suffice it to say, that for years after that fearful night this world seemed a dreary desert, from which I would have joyfully departed for the quiet of the grave. But



My story is ended, dear Catharine, and may it prove to be a warning that will ever guard you against coquetry in future.

It is needless to say, that the tearful Kate destroyed the epistle written in the morning, penning one that more accorded with the feelings of her heart.

THOUGHT.

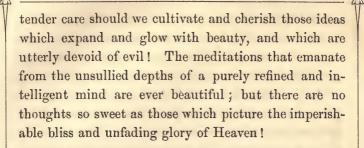
How pure and exalted are the pleasures of thought, and what a world of beauty would be lost to the mind, were it not for the inestimable gift of meditation! It is through the magic power of this high and holy gift alone, that the inward gushings of the soul burst forth in strains sublimely beautiful; and on the vast wings of thought, the spirit seems borne from this sinful world to the realms of celestial bliss above, and seeks communion with the angel-hosts that throng the dazzling streets of Paradise! A pure and unselfish joy arises from the indulgence of calm and elevated meditation—a joy to which those who bestow no time upon reflection, but give themselves up to the vain and giddy pursuits of fashion and folly, are strangers.

Man, as a rational and intelligent being, endowed

with talents and possessed of an immortal soul, is accountable for the thoughts he cherishes; and if the noblest powers of mind be used to exert an unholy and pernicious influence over the hearts of others, then at the bar of God he will stand condemned, and the glimpse of heavenly glory that there dawns on his bewildered vision will be shut for ever from his sight. Oh! it is sweet to draw from the deep wells of the intellectual nature thoughts of pure and holy devotion, which exalt and refine the being, and bear the soul upward, upward, till the glory and grandeur of the Deity is unfolded to the astonished view, in all the splendor of Divine holiness, and the "glorious music of the blest" seems borne from the starry pavement of Heaven to our ears! Such are the thoughts which a pure and elevated mind delights to cherish; and such are the thoughts breathed in those rich and eloquent strains from the gifted pen of Mrs. Hemans, which have delighted a world with their poetical beauty, and won for her a never-dying fame! In Pollok's "Course of Time" we see the vivid conceptions of a Godlike genius, breathed forth in thoughts that pierce the depths of eternity! and though now his lyre is waked in the blissful courts above, the thoughts that inspired its strains while on earth still live, and will leave a lasting impression upon many minds.

"A small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think!"

Then how carefully should we avoid those thoughts which poison and corrupt the mind, and with what



SABBATH TWILIGHT.

The day-god now hath sought his wonted rest, And tints, that beamed so brightly in the west, Have faded in the soft and shadowy gloom, Which gently veils another Sabbath's tomb.

THE pensive shadows of a Sabbath twilight once more encircle the earth, and the holy influences peculiar to this hour now imperceptibly gather around the heart, and "soften its sensibilities into a delightful tenderness." How sweetly pleasing is the scene before me; bathed in the misty light which gracefully mantles the face of Nature, as if to render her charms doubly beautiful, by partially screening them from the view! Not a ripple disturbs the placid surface of yonder river, which, like the bosom of some silver lake, faithfully mirrors the cerulean vaults above; and so gently does the passing breeze sigh through the neighboring woodlands, waving their tasseled foliage, that one might suppose its low murmurs to be but the creation of imagination, or the soft strains of Æolia's harp, borne to the ear only at intervals. The faint outline of lofty

mountains may be descried in the distance, their tall summits seemingly lost in the dreamy haze, which, like the shadow of a fairy pinion, broods over the earth, and gently links the sunlight hours with night's darkened shadows. Beautiful scene! Each shadowy feature, so fair and tranquil, seems in perfect accordance with the quiet serenity of the hour; and a holy joy steals over the soul while gazing on thy softened charms, awakening a new and delightful sensation within the breast, and impressing the mind with a sense of the wondrous power of Him who formed the universe, so vast and boundless, and yet so beautiful and perfect in every part. Fit hour for calm and elevated contemplation! No sound interrupts thy sweet and sacred repose; a holy, solemn silence reigns abroad, as if the voice of Nature were hushed in grief for the departure of the dying Sabbath. It is now that the soul, freed from the thraldom of weary cares which have gathered round and veiled its upward pathway, mounts from earth away, and holds blessed communion with its Maker. But hark! the soft, musical chime of the "Fort Edward bell" comes floating over the hills, "like the going abroad of a spirit;" its silvery tones, like a message of love from the skies, calling the quiet villagers to the house of God, and inviting the "weary and heavy laden" to enter the holy sanctuary, and "cast the burden of their care at the feet of Jesus." Oh! it is sweet at an hour like this, so calm and holy, to hear the songs of praise and gladness ascending to the skies—to see the knees bent in holy adoration before



the "mercy seat," and to hear the voice, soft and tremulous with emotion, pour forth the deep devotion of the heart in one pure and fervent prayer to God. But see! a faint light wavers in the east, and pale Luna, decked in flowing robes of silver, mounts from behind a fleecy cloud, and treads her accustomed pathway through the skies. The twilight shadows darken, and another Sabbath will soon be numbered with the past, never, never more to be recalled. The heart is made purer and holier, by spending an hour so sacred in prayer and devotion; each feeling is softened, and a religious awe steals over the soul like a spell of enchantment, tuning its melodies to the glorious accents of praise.

REFLECTIONS ON THE SEASONS.

Winter is fast hastening away, and the fleecy mantle, in which the earth is now arrayed, will soon be replaced by the emerald robe and fragrant flowers of Spring—her balmy breezes bearing on their lightsome pinions bright messages of Hope, and the joyous carols of the woodland songsters awaken in our hearts an echo, tuned in unison to the melodious music of Nature.

Ah, Spring is indeed beautiful! and those who struggle with the bitter chains of poverty during the long and cheerless Winter, welcome her approach with newly budding hopes of joy and gladness. Yet the season of Winter is not destitute of charms—and, as I raise my eyes from this sheet and look without, a scene meets



my gaze, the splendor of which surpasses the bright beauty of Spring, the soft drapery of Summer, or the gorgeous foliage of Autumn! The wavy summits of distant mountains, the broad bosom of the earth decked in fairy robes of white, the large forests arrayed in all the splendor of Winter jewelry, and the neighboring farm houses, from which arise wreaths of vapor, giving the surrounding country an air of cheerful contentment, all conspire to render the extensive prospect before me, one of rural enchantment. Can I gaze on such a scene as this, and pronounce Winter cheerless? Ah, no! and though gloomy reflections are wont to be associated with His name, yet he arrays the earth in a garb that is far from being dreary or desolate.

Each successive season has its charms, all alike being acceptable to the heart of man. During the long Winter we often sigh for the approach of Spring, and when she at length appears, we for awhile view her sunny hills and inhale the delicious fragrance of her flowers with delight, but we soon long to behold the beauties of Summer, and when, mantling the earth in loveliness, she comes to gladden our hearts, we raise our souls in joy and thanksgiving to God, for creating such a beautiful world for our existence! But, as the lengthening days pass slowly onward, and the sultry air seems breathing the seeds of pestilence within our system, we pine for the cool breeze of Autumn; and after satiating our thirsting desires with the beauties of this season, we again sigh for the approach of Winter! And thus the restless spirit of man, contented with the



present only for a short time, is ever seeking enjoyment in the future, and, in his reckless haste, he casts away the happiness for which he is vainly struggling!

The changing seasons deck the earth in a thousand charms, that please the eye and fill the heart with feelings of unutterable joy; and Nature, losing none of her beauties, assumes the same lovely aspect each succeeding year. Man rears costly edifices, decks them with luxurious splendor, and calls the world to admire the work of vanity; but the lover of true beauty turns away from the gilded temples of art, and seeks enjoyment amid the quiet haunts of Nature, where, aside from the tumult of the busy crowd, he views the glorious works by which he is surrounded, and from them his thoughts are directed to "the source of all beauty and enjoyment," and he feels that he can never be sufficiently thankful for the gifts that are so bountifully bestowed upon him!

GOD IN NATURE.

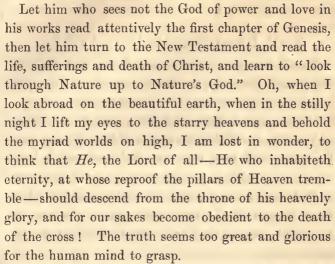
To know Nature, we must know its God. The Christian alone holds the key to Creation's mysterious volume. From the Inspired Word we obtain the knowledge of the character and attributes of the Deity; from this we must learn the first great lesson, supreme love to God. When we have hidden this lesson in our hearts—when we feel this love, like a mighty ocean, swelling in our souls, absorbing all other loves, and bringing into entire subjection every thought that

would give to the creature the throne of the Creator—then, and not till then, may we understand Nature's glorious yet unuttered language!

Here is a volume that is ever open. Blessed is he who can read aright the unsealed page, to whom our God has given grace to interpret Creation's grand, unceasing anthem. To him the stars and the flowers are not voiceless—the winds and the waves have a beautiful language all their own; the grand old forests wave a hymn of perpetual praise; and the deep, unbroken solitudes echo to the music of that still small voice, which, though silent, yet speaketh.

The poet may feel his soul warming with a new and strange delight, as he goes forth into the beautiful world and surveys the wondrous works of the Creator. His eye may kindle and his cheek may glow as he takes in at a glance some perfect picture painted by the hand of the great Artist; but if he sees not with the eye of faith—if he looks not through the thing formed, to Him who formed it—the true poetry of the scene is lost to him. He is like one who reads a beautiful tale, without perceiving the moral. The glowing style, chaste language and perfect rhetoric delight him; but that which speaks to the soul, which gives tone and character to the whole, is unperceived. Oh, who can read the sublime history of Creation, commencing when "the earth was without form and void; and darkness was on the face of the deep," and following the great work till its completion, without beholding the God of Nature in Nature.





Oh, then, with humble and adoring hearts and ears open to instruction, let us go forth into the halls of Nature and listen to her eloquent teachings. Of the lowly flowers that give their fragrance to the passing breeze, let us learn a lesson of meekness and benevolence; of the birds that hymn their unasked for and oft unheard songs, praise and gratitude.

Let us lift our eyes to the unwearied sun which, since the time when "the evening and the morning were the fourth day," has rode the circle of the heavens and imparted light and heat to the earth, and learn unwavering constancy. Let us learn of the vast ocean, whose waves rise or recede at the command of Him who once said "thus far shalt thou go and no farther, and here shalt thy proud waves be stayed," humble submission, and of all God's glorious works, implicit obedience to the Divine will.

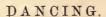
THE BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE.

THERE is a chord in the human heart that thrills to beauty and harmony, an inborn melody of the spirit tuned to the minstrelsy of the outer world.

In the quiet haunts of Nature, mid sylvan shades and voiceless solitudes, the Queen of Beauty hath made her realm, and here, with unveiled eyes and a heart open to the spirit of loveliness, the lover of the works of God reads many a lesson rich with heavenly wisdom. Each chapter of the ever open volume shadows the Beautiful: blessed is he who can read aright the unsealed page.

To know Nature, we must know its God. The warbling of a bird, the glancing of a sunbeam, the rustling of a leaf, the rippling of a wave, stir the music of the soul; the springing of the tiny flower from the heart of the cold earth, is to him a type of the glorious resurrection of the just.

Angels rejoiced at the birth of Creation. When fresh from the Divine hand the infant earth smiled to the bending heavens, "the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy;" and shall our eyes be careless to the beauty in Nature, our hearts tuneless to the song of angels, our lips voiceless to the melodies of praise? Nay, with humble and adoring hearts, let us bow down and thank God for the Beautiful.



Mr. Editor: It is with deep interest that I have perused the numerous articles upon dancing, in the Cultivator, and though well aware that abler pens than mine have discussed the subject in question, still, I will venture to offer a few remarks with regard to this amusement.

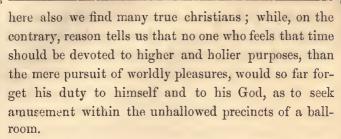
The mere action of dancing, considered apart from the trivial gayeties and deleterious influences of the ball-room, certainly appears nothing more than a simple and innocent mode of recreation; but when, as is often the case, the passion for this exercise increases to such an extent as to interfere with those high duties which are incumbent upon us, as accountable beings, then, indeed, its "giddy mazes" should cease to charm, and other amusements, of a less absorbing and bewitching nature, should be followed.

We are all aware that relief from labor and mental exertion, not only strengthens the nerves and imparts renewed energy to all the faculties, but is absolutely essential to life and health; now it is my belief that if dancing were not carried to excess, and only pursued in common with other amusements, at the social gathering of a few friends, within the quiet precincts of the home circle, that no one would denounce it as sinful and injurious. But the graceful and accomplished dancer seems to think that no place but the ball-room was designed for its practice, and here, plunged in the

giddy vortex of pleasure and folly, hour after hour passes imperceptibly away, and the dim light of morning beholds him languid and spiritless, in consequence of encroaching upon the hours designed for repose, and totally unprepared for the fulfillment of the duties which he owes to himself and to his fellow beings. Now I would ask those who frequent the dancing saloon, and consequently think it as suitable a place as any to seek for amusement, if they deem this a correct way of spending the short time here, alloted us to prepare for another and a better world? And I would also ask Alpha, who, to sustain his argument, (though I think he rather weakens it,) says: "You may there find the libertine, the thief, the robber, and the murderer, but you will find them in the church also, shielding themselves under the cloak of Religion," if it is his candid opinion that a true follower of the blessed Redeemer would seek enjoyment in those festal scenes where pleasure is the ruling star; and where seldom, if ever, the true object and aim of existence, obtain a passing thought?

It is true, the garb of Religion sometimes, though very seldom, proves effectual in concealing the crimes perpetrated by such persons as Alpha mentions, but even if vice is sometimes found in the house of God,

^{*[}Lack of observation, from want of opportunity and of correct information, by Miss Boies—who was only fifteen years of age when she wrote the above—probably prevented insertion here of another appropriate word, vice; produced not so much by promiscuous dancing as by use, and consequent abuse, of not merely exhilarating but intoxicating beverage. Ep.]



Alpha also says, that he may say of dancing, as of music, that he who can gaze unmoved upon a dance, has no soul, and is fit "for treasons, stratagems and spoils." Dancing, as we view it, is wholly incapable of exerting those refined and softened influences over the soul, which conspire to render music so delightful and ennobling an art, and is, consequently, unworthy to be compared with this "heavenly science."

"Music" to quote the expressive language of a dear friend "bears our souls on high, elevates and purifies our natures, and gives a fresh impulse to our upward aims;" while dancing, on the contrary, is merely an exercise in which the physical powers alone are brought into action. It does not create within the mind a love of those exalted pleasures which bear us upward to the high homes of thought and soul; and has no tending to cultivate a taste for moral and intellectual pursuits.

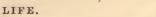
If this amusement soothed our wayward passions, and awakened within our soul a love for the pure and beautiful; in fact, if it tended to develop our moral and mental, as well as physical, faculties, it might be counted worthy to be placed on the same standard with music.

There are other physical exercises more healthful and invigorating than dancing, and viewing the associations connected with it, not as demoralizing.

LIFE

The morning hours of life are very beautiful. There is a well-spring of joy far down in the sunny depths of the child-heart, a tiny fountain, whose waters are forever playing in the sunlight of hope. No shadow darkens the early life-path, no cloud skirts the fair horizon, no stain from the great world shadows the heart, and gives its mournfulness to the young soul.

But childhood, with its beautiful dreams and sunny hopes, must pass, the dawn must give place to the day, the heart must call forth its latent energies, and the broad arena of strife must be entered. Life is not, as many seem to esteem it, a glorious gift with which we may toy at our will; it is not one gala-day; but a school in which the soul is educated for eternity: and when we view it in this light, when the shadow of the world is withdrawn from the soul, and with clear, spiritual vision, we discern the near relation which the present bears to the endless future, we feel that it is a very solemn thing to live. We know not when the silver cord may be loosed; we know not when the frail life-



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barque may launch from the stream of time into the shoreless ocean of eternity. Do we not daily tread the boundaries of the unseen world? And is it not a solemn thing to walk with feet pressing to the viewless spirit-shore?



RECOLLECTIONS

O F

LURA ANNA BOIES.

JUDGE HAY-DEAR SIR :

You desire me to furnish, for the pages of "Rural Rhymes," &c., a brief sketch of my recollections of the lamented Lura Anna Boies, and, in compliance with your request, I sit down to the task, although my pen is reluctant and my heart is sad, for I do not hesitate to make the acknowledgment, that I loved her with brotherly tenderness, and I have no doubt the affectionate emotion was reciprocated by her.

I first met her at Fort Edward Institute, where I had been invited to deliver a literary lecture. Professor King, and other teachers connected with the institute, had spoken to me, with emphasis, of the learning and genius of this gifted young woman, and awakened a curious anxiety in me to be introduced to her. I was sitting in the spacious chapel of the institute waiting for the opening exercises of the morning, when one of the teachers pointed her out to me. She was partly

hid behind a column which prefigured the monument to be raised to her memory, and I had to stand up and lean forward to get a view of her face and form. She was very pale—

The cuticle so thin and fair,
Revealed the angel sitting there:
Heaven left its light in her soft eyes,
Which won their beauty from the skies.

An expression of seriousness-sad and sweet-made her face a magnet of attraction to me. Her likeness was distinctly daguerreotyped on the retina of memory; and her name is never mentioned, in my hearing, when I do not see her soft, brown hair; her beautiful head, so well poised over a loving heart; her mild eyes radiant with emotion; her delicate form of exquisite symmetry. During the day I was introduced to her, and she consented to write, occasionally, for the columns of my journal; indeed, many of her best poems were first published by me. Soon afterwards we commenced a correspondence which continued, with short intervals, until she was too feeble to answer my letters. She died too young. Her life was too short; but it was not a failure. She accomplished more during her short career than many persons of greater pretensions perform in a long lifetime. Her heart vibrated at the point of her pen; and throbs in her verse. She put her own life into her song; and the soul she gave it will give her an immortality of fame. Her poetry is beautiful thought crystallized into simple language; the language of passion and imagination. It breathes the aroma of emotion, and cannot fail to awaken a sense of admiration in the breast of every appreciative reader. She was not only the "lady laureate" of the institute, but the pet and general favorite of the neighborhood. She was loved by all who came within the radius of her acquaintance, and loved most by those who were best acquainted with her. She sleeps now in the rural church yard near Fort Edward—the trees her monument, the wild flowers her epitaph, and the song of the woodbirds her requiem.

GEO. W. BUNGAY.

REPORTED PART

OF

REV. J. E. KING'S SERMON.

NEAR the close of his discourse, after dwelling upon the transcendent "gain" of an assured christian death, Professor King went on, in substance, to say:

In the rapt vision which dawns upon my faith, I am forgetting to weep, though the receding form of our gifted and cherished one vanishes out of our sight. "To live was Christ—to die has been her gain." And what a life has been hers. Ah! thank God! thank God! No unripened sheaf is this which the Great Reaper gathers into his garner. O not without "triumph hours" has this brief life been. Possessed of the rarest intellectual endowments, of a divinely organized soul early harmonized to heavenly truth, she has made the most of life for self-culture and for God. I demand to know what really desirable end of this probationary life she has failed to attain. Is friendship desirable?—Who, in a long life, has attracted to her more

^{*}It contained many extracts from the Rural Rhymes; especially those entitled "Death," and "Gone up Higher."



warm and true and noble hearts? Is there a yearning in the souls of the gifted and the good to bless others -to be useful?-Who in the round of a long and laborious life has set in motion so many blessed agencies? The sweet evangel of her songs shall still flow on, like a living spring, carrying peace and gladness, or stirring pure aspirations in many, many hearts. Is maturity in the christian life a lofty goal to be aimed at and struggled for perpetually? Point me to one whose intellectual and moral character was more symmetrical and beautiful-whose spirit was more patient, and loving, and graceful-whose face had worn more of the lineaments of heaven. In the entire range—the whole curriculum of human experiences, what was wanting to the completeness of her probation? Suffering! She had yet, like the Captain of our salvation, "to be made perfect through suffering." Ah! how fast the chastened soul ripened! You will scarcely recognize that emaciated face as hers. I have a better likeness-her photograph on her graduation day. But what will always help me to see her very self, is that sketch her own hand has drawn, though unconscious that she portraved herself:

"And ever on her gentle lips
There played a quiet smile,
As if some thought of holiness
Were in her heart the while.

And then our angel's brow grew pale,
Her bounding step grew slow,
Her voice of melting melody
Grew very soft and low.

One day she folded her thin hands, And closed her weary eyes; And then our angel fell asleep, And woke in Paradise."

When I think of her life as a whole,—her rare genius consecrated, from childhood, to the holiest objects; her devoted filial piety; her almost heroic struggle with unpropitious circumstances; her almost Christlike patience under suffering, still singing the while her pure, sweet, hopeful, immortal songs,—I am reminded of the tribute to the perfect woman, in olden time, evoked from the inspired wise man. It is but justice to speak his words in this presence—it were cowardice to refrain—"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

"How did she die?" What need to ask? As she lived. There was, indeed, a brief hesitation. Her soul seemed poised, for a while, balancing between the two worlds, but soon the ripened spirit gravitated towards the skies. Heaven's attraction prevailed. The emancipated soul, assured of its salvation, went triumphantly to Jesus.

To these parents—I cannot bring words of condolence—rather congratulation. Henceforth count your lives consecrated that ye have borne such an intimate relation to this child of genius and of God. Ye can ye will go to her.

Hear again her valedictory words, ye her former classmates and friends:



"We pause—a hush comes o'er the soul
And bows it in an hour like this,
When the heart's beating seems to toll
The death-knell of the parted bliss;
The secret fount within is stirred,
Higher the gushing waters swell,
The lip may breathe one only word,
Strangers and loved ones, all, farewell!"

We shut the volume! No more shall we listen to her voice—hushed for ever is her harp! Spring with its greenness and its flowers is coming—the birds shall return—the pattering rain shall fall—and little children shall gambol in the hall and on the lawn—but no song shall greet them any more from these voiceless lips.

Bear her onward to the burial. The whispering pines in yonder cemetery shall wave their branches lovingly towards her dust, but they shall awaken no response. Hushed her harp—but hushed only here. Up among the minstrelsy of heaven a new harp is heard. Hark! faint and far I seem to hear a strain of triumph,—"Parents, sisters, comrades dear, let not your hearts be troubled—I have found a mansion in our Father's house. To DIE, IS GAIN,"



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